The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE KNIGHTS AND CATHOLIC ACTION

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS have started their Mobilization for Catholic Action vigorously and impressively. The far-flung battle line of these potentially militant soldiers of the Church, extending the length and breadth of the land, swung forward on Sunday, March 17, under the leadership of its general staff, the Supreme Knight, Mr. Martin H. Carmody, and the committee of the mobilization movement, under the chairmanship of that experienced organizer and executive, Mr. William P. Larkin. There are now more than 500,000 members on the rolls of the order, and it is hoped and expected that at least 50,000 new members wil be added by the campaign opened on St. Patrick's Day.

No day could have been chosen more appropriately. Saint Patrick, the patron—and the ideal man as well—of Ireland and of the Irish race everywhere, was more than that: he was one of the greatest leaders and exemplars of the true Catholic ever given to the world. Moreover, he was no Irishman by birth or blood. Whether he was a Roman, or a Breton, or a Scotchman, or, more probably, a Welshman, he exemplified one of the most vital principles of Catholic Action by reason of the fact that he came from outside to the Irish, bringing them the gift of the Faith, together with all the cultural and social benefits which flow from the acceptance and the practise of the Faith. Ever since his day, the Irish, in their turn, have been spreading the Faith and its culture among other races and other lands, even unto the ends of the earth. For so it is, and has been, and ever more must be, the mission of the Faith to be world-wide and universal. It is not merely national, or racial. It is spread always by those who are pioneers of the Faith, and of the social benefits of the Faith. And now that great organization, the Knights of Columbus, is taking

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its proper place among the pioneers, we might say, the colonizers, of Christian civilization.

Hundreds of meetings were held on St. Patrick's Day by the Knights, many of which were attended by representatives of their non-Catholic friends and fellow citizens. Leaders of the Catholic laity, ranging from the premier Catholic layman of America, Alfred Emanuel Smith, to obscure yet influential local leaders of Catholic lay action, addressed these nation-wide gatherings. New life, fresh vigor and enthusiastic interest were communicated to tens of thousands of Catholic laymen—and to their non-Catholic friends.

In short, all the elements of a highly important forward movement of American lay Catholics were assembled by the competent leaders of the Knights of Columbus, and were directed by them in a direction which, as we have said above, is *potentially* one of the most practical demonstrations of Catholic Action which could be given. For it should be remembered that the Knights of Columbus have written one of the most creditable chapters of modern American history by their service to their nation in the World War. Let it also be recalled that some of the most socially beneficial works of Catholic Action in America are solidly supported by the Knights. For example: Father Wynne, and his associates, well know how the Knights of Columbus got behind, and promoted, the high achievement of American Catholics which is summed up in "The Catholic Encyclopedia." And the Catholic University has good reason to remember, and to thank, the Knights because of the strong and constant support which they have given to the cause of Catholic education. And many other noble, or at least very worthy, Catholic movements are indebted to the Knights of Columbus.

But—there always is a "but," unfortunately, connected with all human enterprises—as true friends of our greatest and most powerful Catholic lay organization, may we be permitted to express one frank opinion concerning this mobilization of the Knights? It is this: that the Knights, more especially the leaders of the Knights of Columbus, should not act as if the chief purpose of their movement is merely to gather new members, and to swell the numerical strength of the order. The Church, and the nation, need more than a membership drive on the part of the Knights. What the Church, and the American people, expect and have a right to require from the Knights of Columbus is a systematic, well-planned, consistent and continuous campaign of really practical Catholic Action.

The Supreme Council should recognize and employ the creative energies of the younger generation of the Knights. The order should not permit itself to imitate the most deplorable feature of, for example, the Republican party, by selfishly and narrowly confining its leadership to a group of self-perpetuating bosses—a rigid machine. The earnest and idealistic younger men, scattered throughout many local Councils, should be given their opportunity to lead, as well as to follow the older men.

The Councils of the organization should face the hard, serious, continuous task of forming study clubs and teaching their members the way of learning something about the doctrine of their religion, and the history of their Church, and the social philosophy put forth by the leader of all Catholics, Pope Pius XI. Oratory, no matter how eloquent, is not enough to make a true success of Catholic Action. Enthusiastic meetings, and the passing of "resolutions," do not sum up real Catholic Action. What the Church—and the nation—needs is day-by-day, month-by-month, year-by-year devotion to Catholic Action on the part of our organized laity.

Will the Knights of Columbus give the needed example by devoting their energies to this required type of Catholic Action? We hope so. And we believe that under such leaders as Supreme Knight Carmody, and Mr. Larkin, and Alfred E. Smith, the order will do so, and that, under the direction of the true leaders of Catholicism, our bishops, lay Catholic Action in the United States may become a reality in place of a dream. It is up to the Knights.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

VARIOUS strands of the New Deal were ensnarled in the major congressional knot of the year. The biggest single piece of legislation—the work-relief bill—had, it is true, survived an attack from "prevailing wage" advocates; but other disagreements in number threatened to keep the Senate arguing for at least another week. Possibly quite as grave is the controversy over NRA. If one accepts Mr. Richberg's statements at their face value, the conclusion can only be that this part of the administration's reconstruction effort has been abandoned. We are far from thinking that everything written into the codes was either viable or advisable; but undoubtedly the idea of trade association for the benefit of the community was in itself of immense value, as well as of impressive significance as a partial reflection of Christian social teaching. It is said that labor is seeking to improve its position by legislation of another kind, and discussion of this, as well as controversy regarding it, has figured largely in Washington agenda during the past week. The suggestion was put forward that Senator Wagner

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had been promised administration support in exchange for his reversal of sentiment on the "prevailing wage" clause in the work-relief bill. It is, however, by no means clear that the Senator's ideas on the labor question are going to prevail. Finally, the hubbub over the Wheeler-Rayburn utilities bill continued, as hundreds of thousands of "small investors" telegraphed Washington. In short, much is in ferment; and something—no one knows precisely what—is preparing to emerge. It may well be that the most significant event of recent weeks has been the continued critical illness of Mr. Louis Howe.

The Hitler Ultimatum

WHEN the Saar plebiscite was under way, observers truly familiar with German conditions were astonished that the governments of France, Great Britain and Italy could formally take the view that if this Basin reverted to Germany the foremost obstacle to European peace would have been removed. That this attitude was gravely erroneous has been demonstrated by the startling "appeal to the German people" issued by Hitler on March 16. Naturally the former Allies could not have vetoed the legal will of the Saar residents and prevented the reunion. But they ought somehow to have reaffirmed then their common determination to achieve a peaceful revision of the Versailles Treaty without permitting Germany to rearm. This would have strengthened moderate groups inside Germany, who would have been immensely heartened if a purely opportunistic sell-out by London on vital issues had been replaced with a policy more in consonance with European realities and political idealism. Under the circumstances, the present German government can point to a series of complete diplomatic successes, gained by a show of force and inconceivable in the old days of the Weimar Republic. Is it any wonder that the people of the Reich, however opposed to National-Socialist brutalities, should support a rule which can gain victory after victory? Is it surprising that the incorporation of Danzig should seem imminent, that the annexation of Austria and of German Czechoslovakia should appear to be only a matter of time, and that—as a result of a military alliance with Poland—the Corridor problem should seem about to be settled through an agreement to support Polish annexation of territories to the East? The Nazis have apparently proved that might can do what right is unable to accomplish. And therefore they have now come out boldly for a policy of more might. Alas for the world, alas for western civilization, that in days gone by sloth and folly prevented every move toward a peaceful solution of problems which had of necessity to concern each German citizen!

THE ARMY outlined by Hitler is not yet formidable in itself. There is still a dearth of important matériel, a marked weakness of defense, and a shortage of fully trained men. But these are deficiencies which time can make good. Moreover they are compensated for to a great extent by the mysticism which the Nazi movement has implanted in countless young hearts—a belief in the holiness of death for the Fatherland, a conviction that war is the normal lot of the hero, and a creed which means the same as "the good die young." If enough time is allotted to permit the perfection and acquisition of sufficient modern machines of war, the German army will undoubtedly rival that of 1914. Accordingly everything done since the World War to promote the cause of disarmament—a cause which perforce had to reckon with German military weakness as its fundamental plank—has now been abruptly wiped out. The war threat is once more as real and vivid as the probability of a thunderstorm on a hot July afternoon. If Hitler can go ahead with what he has publicly sponsored, the world must take its choice between German domination of Central Europe and conflict. This alternative is probably not the immediate point which the German government is trying to suggest. It needs a great "diplomatic" victory in order to keep a suffering citizenry occupied; it is seeking a solid national goal in view of which it can drum recalcitrant groups into line. Doubtless also the leaders wish to substitute a military dictatorship for a party dictatorship. Nevertheless all these things cannot obscure the stark fact that the complete ruin of Europe is now quite conceivable, and that within the space of just a few years. Of course all is not yet lost. What we are witnessing is the inevitable liquidation of nationalism, fomented by new social experiments in Russia and western countries which have felt the pressure of the Russian example. The British, who survey this human conflagration from a ringside seat, can hardly be blamed if they think it cannot be put out by pouring all the water on one blaze. But they must be granted with the genius and the ability to do something, and that with dispatch, if the conflict is to be kept from growing to world-wide dimensions.

An Advance

THE BILL now before the New York Legislature, bearing upon children's attendance at motion picture theatres, and sponsored by the State Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has that combination of intelligence and flexibility, apparently, that renders it worthy of study and support. It is radical, in the sense of reversing the present law, which bars from these theatres unaccompanied minors under sixteen, and specifying in-

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stead the conditions under which children in groups should be admitted. These conditions have been formulated after careful study, obviously; one is not surprised to learn that they are based upon a state-wide survey, supplemented by consultation with mayors, fire and police officials and religious and civic leaders. It is generally recognized, of course, that the statute now assuming to prevent the unauthorized presence of children at the movies is very loosely enforced; indeed, by the fact that very large numbers of children constantly evade it, and spend much time in theatres in no way prepared for their presence, it may be said actively to promote the various dangers, physical and moral, which such unlicensed attendance involves. The new measure aims to control their attendance by admitting it. The hours specified are the non-school hours until six o'clock in the evening, at which time all children must leave such theatres. Houses certified as complying with the building codes are to reserve special sections for children, to be supervised by a registered nurse or school teacher. The department of education, it is provided, is to approve all pictures shown to children, with whatever help the particular community elects to give it by means of previewing committees. It is understood that the law would not be mandatory, and hence the danger of perfunctory acceptance, with no real effort at enforcement, would be avoided. It is not likely, of course, that the measure will be universally adopted, at least at once; but those communities which see its value and put it into effect will be doing a splendid pioneering service in the solution of one of the important problems of today.

After Saint Birgitta

IT IS a happy privilege to be able to report that the Brigittine Sisters who have been praying throughout the world for the restoration of the mother convent of Saint Birgitta at Vadstena, Sweden, will on April 1 have their prayers partly answered. This was the convent of which Saint Katarina of Sweden, daughter of the Saint Birgitta whose death Miss Lagerlöf describes so glowingly elsewhere in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL, was the first abbess. The original donation for the cloister was made in 1346 by King Magnus Ericksson, when Sweden was one of the great kingdoms of a united Christendom. Today Sweden is one of the few countries which forbid by law the existence of Catholic monasteries or convents, and the former convent at Vadstena has been a Lutheran church. Nevertheless, the heritage of books and buildings and works of art and personal belongings of Saint Birgitta and Saint Katarina have been carefully and reverently preserved. Around the first of this century, a Swedish girl, born a Lutheran, came to the United States to study nursing, worked at the Post Graduate School of Medicine in the Roosevelt Hospital near the Paulist Church on 59th Street and after fifteen years of study became a convert to the Faith of Saint Birgitta. Particularly attached to the memory of this saint of her homeland, she finally found her way to Rome and took up her residence with the barefoot Carmelite nuns who occupied the house where once Saint Birgitta had lived, and by special permission of Pope Pius X took the vows and received the habit of a Brigittine nun in the room where Saint Birgitta had died. The present King of Sweden, visiting the house one day, met this Swedish girl, invited her to return to Sweden to carry on her work and secured an exception for her order from Sweden's anti-monastic laws. The Sisters have been living at Djursholm, near Stockholm, and have recently acquired a house at Vadstena, where they will return in a few days, almost 600 years after the founding of the mother house there. There are Brigittine convents all over the world. In England the nuns occupy the same house as in pre-Reformation days. The order, principally a contemplative one, besides works of mercy and of scholarship and in the applied arts, prays for three special intentions: the Holy See, the priesthood and the conversion of those outside the Church.

Jilted—for Nothing?

HEART balm may soon prove harder to get than a short wave station. The thought of it seems to sicken legislators everywhere, if one judges by what has happened in Indiana and New York and what is about to occur—seemingly—in other states. Time was when the jilted maiden could bring her suit to the edification of a whole community, which understood what it means if a young damsel reads love letters for a year and is then left dangling on the limb of single blessedness. Hearts were not things to trifle with in days when women had to choose between marriage and embroidery. But how we do move on! Recently breach of promise has chiefly served to provide the seamier newspapers with opportunities to portray canny little actresses in tights, whose blighted affections were going to cost thousands. Stenographers, too, not infrequently tried this method of putting a bulge in the pay envelope. All were served by a legal profession far better endowed with combativeness than with ethical ideals. Accordingly it is meet and just that civic-minded groups should strive to get rid of this outmoded invitation to blackmail. Even so the disappearance of the idea altogether strikes one as a bit shocking. Is the broken heart no longer to have any price? Are shattered affections to interest no jury? Oh, for the good old days when love was love!

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BUILDING FOR CITIZENSHIP

By HAROLD FIELDS

Can the American be taught to have faith in the social order which surrounds him in this country? Mr. Fields thinks so. But how to build that faith in millions of people whom alien philosophies of citizenship are wooing is a great and difficult problem. It can, however, be solved if educators proceed to act intelligently and persuasively. The issue is of primary importance to everyone, in particular to those who believe that liberty is based on regard for moral principle.—The Editors.

THE AGGRESSIVE attacks by Communists and other subversive political movements demand a radical change in our attitude toward civics and citizenship today. What was good, what was sound yesterday, no longer stands the test of fitness. Because of these attacks, democracy must prove its worth. Citizenship today must be a resurgence of activity by the schools, the churches, civic organizations and other groups, so that by their unified action that sense of citizenship and feeling for patriotic service will be made real.

The people of the United States must be made more conscious of the means whereby their government, through its agents and its agencies, is seeking their improvement. They must see how its various factors work together. A recent occurrence in the New York City Schools will illustrate the value of this. A Catholic lad got into trouble with the New York police through a lack of coordination between his conscience and the presence of some money on a grocer's counter. His Jewish teacher went to see his parish priest, and together they went to the station house and had a long talk with the boy and the authorities. Because of their interest and that of the Big Brothers, the charge was withdrawn. As a result, the boy's faith in man was renewed, his pride in school and church rekindled, and his sense of self-respect and citizenship confirmed. This single union of agencies was a sterling example of citizenship through precept, not by tract.

Our problem today is that of building faith. It is at faith that the subversive elements are launching their attacks. They realize that if we lose that, we lose the keystone to the arch of our democracy. Our schools must develop that faith by effecting a true understanding of the functions and purposes of our political bodies; our schools and churches must intensify that faith by re-creating a sense of moral equations between fellow men. The tactical value to opponents of democracy of striking at faith is seen in Mexico, where it has weakened the position of the Church and affected political forms, in Russia, where materialism has eliminated religion and democracy, in Spain where, when faith was shattered, revolution came. Wherever the attack on faith has proved successful, destruction of modern standards has resulted. If we are to visualize the situation truly, let us confess that our citizens' faith needs to be reestablished and strengthened. It is the immediate task of our schools and cooperating agencies.

The attack on our institutions is being made simultaneously on two fronts: among the unemployed and on our youth. We are meeting the first issue through our efforts to find work for them or to give them, in the interim, some relief. As jobs are found, dissatisfaction as an active force will gradually disappear and its place will be taken by an understanding and recognition of all the services our government is performing in behalf of its citizens.

The second front of the attack is a growing one—our schools. The Communists are doing all they can to attract the younger generation. Other subversive elements are adopting similar tactics. In selecting our school children and our schools as fertile ground they show shrewdness, and a recognition of realities. How to meet and defeat their methods is a real problem.

Communism cannot be basically shattered by threats any more than sincere Communists are converted by policemen's clubs. Their pretense to logic must be answered by stern, forceful appeals to reason—to *real* reason. No other solution is truly effective. We must be able at all times to justify the advantages and values of our democracy as contrasted with the proposed substitutes now in existence on the Continent. And that can be done only through the schools, for, as Nicholas Murray Butler recently said, "The effective protection of liberty against compulsion must rest . . . on moral principles." We must cease thinking that we can remove Communism from our midst only through the negative device of answering its arguments; the time is come to so present the principles of democracy that their characteristics will put Communism, and not democracy, on the defensive. We have falsely allowed ourselves to be maneuvered into a wrong position.

The vanguard in a defense of democracy lies in our schools, for in the hands of our youth is our future. In their hands, there is taking place a molding, shaping and realignment of heretofore-accepted values. It is absurd to deny the factual. Life and its problems have become revolutionized

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in their values since the war. For the past two decades economic and political problems have been groping for a satisfactory solution. Technological difficulties, the problem of scarcity amid abundance, the newer responsibilities of the state to the citizen, the questions arising from the growing sense of nationalism, the natural doubts coming with increased strivings toward a general freedom of self—all of these are causing us all to ponder life's issues.

Especially do the young folk need guidance in that thought and they are dependent upon good leadership. Years ago the schools organized courses in civics, so that our government, its purposes, and its relation to its citizens (and theirs to it) would be made clear. These courses have been splendid and in stressing the relationship of citizen to state, they have interpreted the government as an agency for general protection and public service. But with different times and different attitudes there must come different approaches. The courses of study of yesterday should be continued today but their message must be made more real, more vital, more pulsating in order to meet the attacks on the civic battlefront now forming against us.

We must recognize the fact that the radicals are determined. They know full well that with the passing of the depression the task facing them will be more difficult. In our civics courses the government must be brought vividly into the lives of our youth. It is not enough to emphasize the benefits we stand to receive as citizens; we must stress the obligations and responsibilities that we, as citizens, owe. With the New Deal now past our doors and inside our homes, it would take an encyclopedia to completely tell the story of the services of our government to its citizens. If ever a government existed for its people, then we are the finest example. Our high standards of living, private wealth turned over to public good through foundations and benefactions, open doors to libraries, museums and schools, bread for the needy, emergency relief for the unemployed, work relief for those who would not be idle, aid for home owners and business men—these are the answers to Communism's claim for equality, these are the evidences of democracy's standards of justice.

A vital civics program must extend beyond the school, to outside organizations engaged in civics work, relating to every-day life the problems studied in the classroom. The radical movement recognizes the weakness of the present set-up, wherein the interrelated programs of organizations are sporadic and intermittent. It is time for us to take these agencies seriously and utilize their potentialities. Yesterday, our civics work in the schools was sufficient; today and tomorrow, all forces must unite in one grand inclusive program of citizenship. We must take the passive element out of governmental services and substitute for it active participation. Our youth must see themselves as real citizens of a democracy, each with a duty to perform and with a responsibility to assume.

How to do it? That is the problem. And yet it can be done so that each pupil will see the relationship of government to self in its true light and thus be able to answer the misleading questions and attacks put before him. It can be done by the incorporation of supplementary forces from the outside world with the course of study now being given in school systems in civics and citizenship.

We must encourage the many organizations in each city to sponsor specific civic duties. They should arrange civic conferences. They should assemble "town meetings" for discussion and education. The coordination of the work of these civic organizations with the school system is of the essence of real civics. No citizenship program can be really complete unless it is developed on such a basis. The task is much too momentous and vast to be carried out by a single agency. Only the schools can interrelate the activities of these organizations so real citizenship shall be attained through their joint efforts rather than through duplicating, and perhaps differing, objectives of several groups.

From the pulpits of all denominations there must issue the message of active citizenship; the content of such a message will register as will that of no other, save that of the schools. The brotherhood of man is but a synonym for the mutual obligations of state and citizen. Is it strange or illogical that the attack of the radicals on faith and belief in government has been contemporary with the cry for freedom of thought? Or is there not a subtle recognition that if the church could be undermined the bulwark of citizenship would fall with it too? The church and the schools together can contribute much to civic movements. Both are related on the platform that personal morality and decency, and one's duty to one's neighbors, are of the essence of good citizenship.

Not alone is the coordination of organization programs necessary, but as essential is the use of methods that will appeal to our young and that will be effective. For one thing, the motion picture should be much more extensively used than it is now. The film has a powerful lure for the child; its portrayal is real and convincing. If the right kind of film is selected, the right kind of citizenship will develop.

But films are only one phase in a modern approach. The radio holds tremendous potentialities. Prominent playwrights should be enlisted. Prominent actors and actresses should present a

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series of historical sketches, directing national attention to these programs through the popularity of the individuals taking part. By all these means we would be utilizing that which has popular appeal. If we introduce the radio into the classroom we help to build an appreciation for that which is frequently unavailable because of conflict with school hours. For example, when the President's address to Congress was broadcast, it should have been the occasion for a school lesson that permitted all students to hear the President speak in person. Other notable addresses are constantly within call; when not, they can be arranged for. Civics can thus become the spoken expression of a theme which, when added to the visual program cited above, becomes the more real. The voice of the nation, the state, the city, yes, of the world, can be brought to every child in every classroom and the grave civic lessons of the day and hour can be thus imbibed under the immediate direction of the teacher.

If we link all forces together—the schoolroom, the press, the radio, the screen, the churches, the civic groups, the stage, and the countless other well-equipped organizations—we have a vital aggressive program in citizenship, and that is what we sorely need today.

An understanding of the organization of our government, of what it does, and how that is related to the common good; an emphasis on the need of participation in its affairs by all, the discovery of definite, concrete tasks for each and all to do, whether it be Big Brother work, charity or civic welfare; the interpretation of our government into a pulsating breathing organism and not a capital city, objective and detached from our lives—these are important. Thus only can citizenship be made a real matter of moment to us.

NOTE TO A PICTURE

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

BLACK priests are at the altar; a black choir sings. Over the altar three Kings—the one called Balthazar is black—bring gifts of incense, myrrh and gold. They are not real kings: they are polychrome eighteenth-century statues. Along two sides of the choir are benches filled with black-clad seminarians. On the bench to the left, at the end nearest the altar, sits a man dressed in black but a layman. He is not a statue: he rises, kneels, follows the Mass which is said in the Ethiopian Rite. When he was King of Spain he was called Alfonso XIII.

This is what the eye sees, a picture, and it does not matter which of the figures in it is living, which is a statue—the white Kings and the black King, the man and the statues. Suppose it painted in fresco on a wall with the gold of the candles and the gold and silver vestments, the black fine features of the Ethiopians, the German, French, Italian, American faces of the seminarians and, in the admirable design coherent because of the ritual, on the left with no special emphasis, the pale, alert face of the King. Suppose it a fresco on a wall and if it were great painting it would be great painting. If it were bad painting it still, humbly, would have didactic value. Conceivably it might mean something and yet be good painting. Suppose it then on the wall so that the scene will stay still while an American looks at it.

In the picture the presence of this King who fluttered out of office like a leaf in the wind would remain a detail to date the picture. But no American could look at him without sympathy remembering that the King as a child had hardly finished learning the history of his country when the blowing up of the Maine added to it a dismal, badly written chapter, nor would his sympathy be lessened when he recalled that, later, this man had kept his country out of a war that did not concern it. He would not be specially interested in why the man in the picture no longer was king: that would seem a detail—almost a question of clothes. Yet as he turned from the layman to the priests and saw that the priests were black there would be a suggestion that Spain's long and useless African campaigns had something to do with it.

The priests, not the King, made the dominant motif of the picture—and they were black. The Catholic Church made priests of black men, gave these men the highest dignity in its power to give. The nations of the world had made them slaves and now made them soldiers; the Church made them priests. What was the relation between these facts? There was no way of avoiding the scandal of European and American relations with Africa: the picture brought them inevitably to mind and with them a consciousness of futility and hopelessness. America had imported slavery, had then debated whether or not it had been right in doing so with all the seriousness that 500,000 men killed in the Civil War can confer on a subject, but seventy years after the war was still unable to provide the descendants of its slaves with the impartial protection of its own laws. America's problem was one of assimilation; the European colonial problem differed. Europe was as fatally committed to the profit-rendering colonial system as America had been to the servile. In

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both cases the sin was one against charity: human beings were used as implements for the benefit of others.

Unable to organize social justice at home, it was clear that the European countries would fail to provide it in Africa. So far, as a matter of history, they had exploited, more or less consciously, by forced labor, more or less disguised, all of Africa they could reach. Their greedy quarrels about the division of Africa had formed a causal element in their greedy wars, which wars they had pursued or intended to pursue with the help of conscript African soldiers. To make native labor efficient they had provided education; to keep it available they had provided medicine. In short, there had been a tendency to give the African the status of their own citizens. But, historically, the penetration of Africa was inevitable and, given the moral state of European civilization, all that followed so contradictorily in the way of heroism, brutality, abnegation and exploitation, was inevitable too. A curious point was that the soldiers—men like Lyautey—were the men of justice and comprehension; the evil came from the camp followers. This meant only that Europe still had the courage to act, the intelligence to organize, but that the desire for justice and the possibility of generosity appeared mainly in that class of men, the soldiers, who were outside of its economic structure. It was the tragedy of their life in the colonies and elsewhere that generally they were employed as tools.

Just as it was the fear of the revolt of the workingman that was bringing a general attempt to correct social injustice, so the awakening in Africa and elsewhere of what Europe naively called xenophobia might possibly help to bring reforms in the colonies. But these reforms could only be palliative until Europe reformed itself. On the successful revival of a dominant spiritual life in the white races depended the possibility of coexistence with other races on a basis other than that of force.

The picture had led the American from Africa to the need for a new life in his civilization, a problem the contemporary aspect of which produced a certain discouragement. But the scene he looked at took place in a Catholic church, and the Church indulged in despair no more than in complacent optimism. There must be another meaning to the picture. It might be this. There was in the world a society called the Catholic Church which recently had been associated in men's minds to far too great an extent with European white civilization—and not even with the totality of that. Even Catholics, like Mr. Belloc, had spoken of it as if it were an "associate"—as the United States had been—of the Allied countries. But the presence of the black priests in the picture was evidence that this society was still carrying out the instructions of its founder: against great difficulties produced by the political action of nations, against human inertia, it was following its incessant effort toward universality. Its efforts in Africa dated back to its earliest years; they were continued now just as they were exerted in Asia and the Orient, just as they were exerted in "Christian" Europe and America. Whether one believed or not in the Divine origin of the Church, no one could doubt that its conception of charity alone could create and maintain the dignity of man.

Europe projected, like a great black shadow, over Africa the image of its disorder. The Catholic Church projected men of all races all over the world who would be depositories of Catholic truth. It cared little about historical civilizations and nothing whatever about races: it provided, universally, the reasons a man can have for living. In the picture, the Ethiopian priest at the altar—if one knew anything at all about the Mass—was interceding for mankind inclusive of the white races. If men had any reason to fear the justice of God, then the white seminarians of all nations, and the deposed King as a symbol of the ineffectiveness of government, seemed to have placed their cause in the black priest's hands.

How April

How April in Connecticut
Comes faintly through the mist of trees
Is a rare marvel. It is all but
The sheerest of all ecstasies.

All winter long the drifted snow
Has come and gone by house and field,
And only shivering winds dared blow,
And cars moved slowly, crunching-wheeled.

All winter long the mockery
Of blizzard followed by damp thaw
When gutters dripped disconsolately
And the whole world seemed grey and raw.

But now, though hopeful more than strong,
A new sun shines on hill and glade,
And now you hear the first bright song
Of robin tentatively essayed.

There is no green. May's first leaves are
Still rust-red haze where birches stand,
But if you seek, the shattered star
Of cowslip's gold will come to hand.

And if you listen, you will hear
The jingle, jangle of the bells
Of exuberant hylas ringing clear
From ponds still icy cold as wells.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

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A PLAN FOR MEXICO

By PAUL V. MURRAY

AN ITALIAN politician once said that the man who solved the Roman Question would go down in history as Italy's greatest statesman. While no one has written similar lines about what is rapidly becoming known as the "Mexican Question," many close observers believe that it is time for American Catholics, especially those in the professions, to take counsel with themselves in an effort to see just what they have done to aid their persecuted brethren across the Rio Grande.

First of all, it does not appear that we have approached the problem in a manner calculated to arouse all our latent strength. Our press, striving gallantly to fill the news gap which seemingly holds no attraction for the secular newspapers, has tried hard to arouse the Catholic multitudes —but the task has been a slow and difficult one. Our public speakers, though giving freely of their time and energy, in an effort to arouse sympathy for Mexican Catholics, have not been equipped, in most cases, to advance an adequate plan which would aid in bringing the question at hand to a permanent, or even a temporary, conclusion.

Let us try, for a moment, to approach the Catholic platform in a realistic manner. The three points most discussed are: (1) the recall of Ambassador Daniels; (2) the lifting of the arms embargo; (3) the withdrawal of recognition.

Consideration of the first point, if made in an objective manner, will show that a government seldom, if ever, listens to the pleas of a minority group to recall a duly appointed minister. It has been done for financial reasons, but to expect an administration, bound by all the rigid etiquette of diplomatic form, to act in this manner toward what is known in diplomatic parlance as a "friendly nation," is something akin to looking for roses in January. Such a conclusion is more than justified when we recollect how our government has reacted so far to such demands.

The second point raised, the lifting of the arms embargo, was accompanied by the suggestion that it would give Mexican citizens who are opposed to the present régime, a chance to put their disapproval in the form of active opposition of a military character. Many Americans would prefer to see Mexico spared another period of bloody chaos such as endured from 1911 to 1923 but, on the other hand, a large number of Mexicans, seeking constitutional guarantees of many other rights beyond the mere fact of religious freedom, have pointed out that a surgeon often has to operate to remove a cancer. The removal of a cancerous growth on the Mexican body politic undoubtedly will result in bloodletting, the only alternative to which seems to be the slow decay and death of a nation whose rotten core, given time, will infect all its parts.

The demands for the withdrawal of recognition, advanced as a third point, bear a close resemblance in cause and effect to demands for the recall of Mr. Daniels. Catholic Mexicans contend that the present government has been imposed on them by fraudulent means; that a small group controls the country through tyrannical rule backed by the army. Even the Constitution of 1917, that product of radical revolutionary idealisms and practically unworkable theories, is held to be illegal by most Mexicans who oppose the present rulers. Though history is on the side of the protesters, the truth is that Mexico is accepted in the family of nations as being one with them, and again diplomatic form prevents protests or charges which cannot be hurled without serious results to this country, a situation which the Mexican dictatorship realizes and uses to the fullest extent of its value.

Now even though the foregoing paragraphs paint a dark picture for our chances of bringing power and influence to bear in aiding persecuted Mexicans, another way suggests itself. Already, through the urging of our press and speakers, the masses of Catholics in this country are awakening to the true state of affairs across the Rio Grande. Soon a plan of action, designed to use the best resources the American Catholic Church has to offer, must be advanced. If we but pause and reflect on the brilliant success of the Legion of Decency, we can see the necessity for outlining a program whose inherent qualities of truth, justice and toleration will win to its side not only Catholics, but Protestants, Jews and agnostics as well. Many students of the Mexican problem feel that the concerted action of a campaign similar to that waged by the Legion of Decency would bring the same laudable results.

The situation calls for twofold activity: Mexican Catholics must endeavor to state their case in clear and unmistakable terms; American Catholics must then cooperate in bringing about the peace and security under law which their brethren want and which is denied them.

On the Mexican side, the plan would follow these general lines: (1) An announcement by the Mexican hierarchy, under the leadership of Archbishop Ruiz and Bishop Diaz, as to what it can—and cannot—support in the Six-Year Plan

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advanced by the government. This would show, once and for all, that the Church is for those measures which are really progressive and against those measures which are patently harmful to the welfare of the Mexican people. (2) With Archbishop Ruiz as spokesman, the hierarchy would call on outstanding Mexican Catholic laymen to form a committee that would cooperate to make known, in a formal way, the objections of the hierarchy to the Six-Year Plan. Such a leader as Alfonso Junco, noted writer on social problems, could assemble a committee of representative laymen in a very short time.

The American side of the plan would take shape, under the direction and with the approval of the hierarchy, as a committee to be formed in this manner: (1) A conference of rectors of Catholic universities in the United States to select certain professors to act as its representatives, e.g., the Right Reverend John A. Ryan, the Reverend Edmund Walsh, S. J., etc.; (2) the National Catholic Welfare Conference to contribute the services of those of its officials best prepared to deal with the Mexican situation. (3) The outstanding Catholic periodicals to contribute their services and the advisory opinions of their editors, e.g., THE COMMONWEAL, *America,* the *Catholic World, Columbia,* the *Sign,* etc. (4) The American Catholic Peace Association to cooperate in every way possible, calling on its distinguished members. (5) The Knights of Columbus to cooperate by authorizing its newly formed committee on Mexican affairs to work with this larger group. (6) Prominent American Catholics to be drafted as representatives of the laity, e.g., Alfred E. Smith. (7) The Pan American Union to cooperate by having Dr. Rowe and Dr. Borges select informed persons to act with the committee on behalf of the principles for which the union was founded. (8) An interview to be arranged with Mr. Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin-American affairs. Mr. Welles said, in an address delivered before an open forum at George Washington University last December, that "the day for flowery speeches in dealing with Latin-American affairs is over," so it would appear that he would cooperate, even if unofficially, in any program designed to settle a very delicate question in American foreign policy.

With such committees working at the problem from both sides of the border, it would be up to the Mexican government to appoint representatives to take part in the eventual discussions which would arise when the unacceptable portions of its program were pointed out by the Mexican bishops. Failure to give such eminent bodies decent consideration would brand the government as definitely unwilling to adjust its differences with the Church. This would then justify any action which American Catholics might take in regard to tourist and trade boycotts such as those suggested by the *Sunday Visitor* and would cause the United States government to take more than passing notice of the anti-religious activities of the men who rule Mexico.

As matters stand now, we cannot define our aims when appealing to our fellow Americans for support. If we had such a program as is outlined here, our friends in all walks of life could see at once the justice of our claims and they would rally to our support as they rallied to the banner of the Legion of Decency. This does not mean to say that the suggested course of action is the only one that can be taken; but it does say that we have not, in the past, given the necessary thought to all the angles of the Mexican problem. Until such time as we are willing to face the facts coolly and calmly, we cannot expect to bring to a definite and satisfactory conclusion the persecution of our fellow Catholics in Mexico.

Up, through the Hills!

On the road through the hills
which are mountains for resemblance, hills
for the peace of hearts, and order for
eternity:
beyond the silver poplars and
beyond the whitewashed house of logs
at bay among the hills,
the nine
white chickens, feeding beneath
the pine.

This way went
the Indians: that way went
progress: let us climb
the hills where you skied when you were
children, lie at the pines'
feet and be the lambs
lain down with winds.

(Does tomorrow
come? was there a time for peace
in yesterday, and did it come like
hounds, and did we point it off with guile
toward hills that had tomorrow's blue
and distance on them still? Is it that
winds chide us for misguidance
who had come with mints and sprigs and
roses among pines? Is "Peace!" to be
cry only?)

Let us lie
beneath the pines like lambs
and lie with the winds like lions
until there be peace
and flowers gently come.

RAYMOND LARSSON.

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SAINT BIRGITTA OF SWEDEN[1]

By SELMA LAGERLÖF

IN THE month of July, 1373, an old woman lies ill in Rome in a little house on Campo di Fiori close to the bank of the Tiber. The house in which she lives is modest but well preserved. With its garden, with its small cool rooms, with its sturdy gate, it gives an impression of security and order in the midst of a city in which the grass-grown streets are blocked with the wreckage of fallen churches; in which earthquakes, epidemics, famine and endless bloody feuds have brought the inhabitants to despair and demoralization.

Neither the sick woman herself nor any member of her household suspects that the sickness may be fatal. She suffers chiefly from a depression of the spirit, and all believe that as soon as she has overcome that, she will get up and return to her usual work. Life about her goes on, too, just as it does every day. The entire side of the house facing the street is lined with a row of cripples and sick people, both men and women. An old beggar woman, without any ailment, sits next to the gate and feels like a hostess to all these sufferers, since she has been sitting in the same place receiving alms, ever since the holy woman from the North moved into the house of Signora Papazuri about twenty years ago.

The restless sick people turn to the beggar woman, who seems to be so well acquainted with all the inhabitants of the little house, to ask for information about the great woman healer whom they wish to consult, and to find out whether her power really is so great that they can hope to be helped. And the beggar woman answers them in the same way that she has answered other supplicants for many years past. Why perchance did they think that she, Monna Assunta, sat here outside this gate? Did they think that she sat here to ask for alms? But if that were the case she might just as well have settled down outside a church. No, she sat here because she loved to be a witness to the wonders of God, the healing of the sick, the curing of leprosy, which daily took place here.

She tells the eager listeners that the holy woman came to Rome during the jubilee year, a pilgrim like all the others, with a small retinue, all in pilgrim garb. But what nobility, what dignity had not transfigured her despite the penitent's garb! No one could have failed to notice it. She was a high-born lady, a princess; indeed, there were whispers that she had been a queen in her own country. It was alleged that she had walked to Rome to get authorization for a set of cloister regulations. But old Assunta knew better. In those days when the Holy Father had abandoned Rome to live in France, then this holy foreign woman had come there by God's order to console its poor, to aid its sick. Now when the great city's glory was gone, when its churches were in ruins, its streets empty, its forts overthrown, its priests reduced to beggary, this woman had come in order to serve until the return of the Holy Father as a mother to the distressed, and a shield for the helpless.

In the meantime the mighty woman, about whom old Assunta is talking, lies on her bed fighting a hard battle. She keeps her eyes closed, her lips firmly pressed together, her hands tightly clasped around a small crucifix. Beads of perspiration drip from her forehead. She lies perfectly still, like one who suffers severe pain but does not want to let anyone know of her suffering. Voices whisper continuously in her ears such scornful and ghastly words that she believes they come from evil spirits who want to entice her away from God. The evil spirits know what is her most vulnerable spot. They want to convince her that the visions and revelations which have been her glory and comfort, are nothing but their work.

"And if thou, Birgitta Birgersdotter," they say, "still believest that thou hast been elevated to God's sight and that thou hast beheld the gentle face of God's Mother and heard the glorifying angels laud their Maker, then in thine old age thou shouldst free thyself from such delusion. Because, that it is a delusion and nothing else, we shall now show thee. The situation is this, is it not, that thou sayest thou hast received God's command to found a monastic order and to build a cloister at Vadstena? And likewise thou believest that thou hast had the Lord's promise that thou shalt become a nun in this cloister and its first abbess, because thy great desire has always been to lead a life apart from the world until thou mayest enter God's kingdom.

"But if these promises had truly been given thee by God, then surely they would also have been fulfilled without delay, because God is Almighty. But thou hast been compelled to wait for seven and twenty years before the Pope could be induced to authorize thy order, and thou hast been forced to endure that he has made changes in the regulations given thee by God. Therefore, Birgitta, thou must realize that this command to

[1] This article is a chapter from Selma Lagerlöf's book, "Harvest," to be published in April, by Doubleday-Doran.

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establish an order cannot have been given thee by Him Who is Almighty and the Master of the world. And likewise since God is truthful, it cannot possibly be He Who has promised thee that thou shalt become nun and abbess at Vadstena. For thou art now old and weak and thou feelest, without doubt, that thou must die in Rome. On the contrary, the one who has promised thee all this has been the fallen angel in hell and it is he who has enticed thee and led thee astray."

The old woman tries to contradict and explain away, but with angry shrill voices the evil spirits answer back and heap proof on proof that her whole life long she has been running only their errands.

Now and then a middle-aged woman with a bright and gentle face enters the room and bends over the recumbent one. She wipes the perspiration from her forehead and asks whether she cannot get her some help and relief. But the aged one is occupied with her own affairs. She does not seem to know of the other's presence. Then the younger woman goes out into the ante-room to tell all those who are waiting there that her mother is still suffering and cannot yet talk to them. Out there sit some of those who belong to Fru Birgitta's household in Rome, holding whispered conversations with the many people, strangers and good friends alike, who have come to consult the northern seeress.

The bright, sweet woman, Fru Katarina, who is the holy one's daughter, again opens the door to the chamber and tiptoes in. While she remains within, by the sick one, everything becomes quiet. Some of the unfortunates who have expected that the wonderful bride of Christ, who lies within, would heal them of their diseases, for which they nowhere else have been able to find a cure, fall on their knees and stretch out their arms toward the door. In their trembling hands they hold rosaries, and while the beads glide between their fingers, they whisper *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria.*

Fru Karin has left the door open and from the sick-room emerges a faint groan, a low moaning. Then all in the ante-room are seized with great compassion. Their hearts want to melt at the thought that the holy lady who has alleviated the sufferings of so many sick, must now herself be a victim to pain. At once they all fall on their knees, all raise their arms toward the sick chamber and all begin to pray.

When Fru Karin returns she stops on the threshold, astonished to see all these people in an attitude of prayer. With prompt decision, she lets the door stand open and kneels with the others, whispering like them: *Pater noster, qui es in caelis.* In the position in which she kneels, looking into the chamber, she can see her mother's emaciated face, and she feels compassion because the aged one must continue to struggle and because she can never attain the peace which she bestows on all who believe in her. But like the droning from the seashore, like a fragrance-laden breeze, the prayers penetrate into Fru Birgitta's chamber. And suddenly the daughter sees that the tension in her features relaxes, that the clenched hands open. Wonder and great joy are reflected in the face. The furrows in the forehead become smooth, the mouth smiles and the cheeks flush. No more time has passed than to permit Fru Karin to finish a *Pater Noster,* before her mother raises herself in bed, fully awake, and beckons her to come. Then she hurries in and closes the door behind her.

After a little while Fru Karin is back in the room among the supplicants. They see that she is very much stirred, her voice trembles but her eyes shine with joy.

"My dear lady mother bids me greet you and say that for a time she has been much tortured by the visitations of evil spirits. But now today she has seen Christ. With a gentle face He revealed Himself before the altar which stands in her chamber. And He told her He had dealt with her as the bridegroom sometimes does when He for a while fails to appear before His bride, in order that He may be all the more desired. In the same way, He had not for some days visited my mother, because this had been her time of testing."

At this point Fru Karin pauses, struggles for a while with her lips before she is able to make her voice steady so that she can continue.

"Then Christ said likewise to my lady mother that she had been sufficiently tried and that she should hold herself in readiness for a great joy, because on the fifth day after this she is to be consecrated before His altar as nun and abbess of Vadstena. And my dear lady mother bids me greet you and say that she needs a few days of peace in order to arrange properly her temporal affairs, before she proceeds to take farewell of the world. But on the fifth day she bids you come back and rejoice with her, because she has now achieved what from her earliest childhood has been her soul's highest longing and desire."

Then all the strangers depart, mourning because the great sibyl is to be separated from them, but yet elevated in spirit because they have been permitted to witness God's grace to his bride and servant. To all those who belong to Fru Birgitta's household in Rome, and who are accustomed to collect her revelations and rejoice in them, as the people of this world gather riches and rejoice in their brilliance, this last message seems the sweetest she has ever received. For even if it is in some respects obscure, they understand that a great change is to take place in her life and that the long pilgrimage which she began twenty-four years ago, is now to be ended. And

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therewith the long pilgrim years are ended also for them all. They can return to their own country, where they enjoy favor and protection, and escape living on sufferance among strangers. It does not at all mean, of course, that the faithful little group will need to be scattered or that the edifying association with Fru Birgitta will be ended. Most of them think, no doubt, that with her they will enter the splendid cloister home at Vadstena and that there they will be allowed to continue to serve her. Therefore a great joy fills their hearts. They feel rejuvenated and hopeful. Long-obscured images hover before their eyes, they see light birch groves, shiny little lakes, and grey, mossy homesteads along the edge of mighty, dark evergreen forests.

Fru Birgitta herself feels during these days like one who after much striving has reached her goal and who does not need to make any further effort, but can rest. Now she no longer drips wax into the wound on her arm, she rejoices in the flowers with which Fru Karin has decorated the room, and she permits her daughter to slip a soft feather pillow under her head. She does not keep her thoughts as firmly fixed as usual on things beyond, but instead talks with her children about how her estates and properties are to be divided.

In this way four days pass as in a delightful delirium, and finally the morning of the fifth day arrives. Most certainly no one in the household has been able to sleep during the night. The tension has been too great. They have in no wise doubted that their mistress would now be rewarded by Christ for her lifelong devotion, but in what manner?

It is in the middle of the summer and there is no relief from the heat, either by night or day. They have been sitting with open windows, staring out into the sultry darkness, and with apprehensive dreams have been picturing to themselves what the morrow may bring. What can they have expected? Perhaps that Fru Birgitta would be brought to Vadstena in the spirit and there be consecrated as nun and abbess while her body still remained in Rome. Perhaps that the papal legate would come to them to perform the sacred ceremony, by order of God, in the little house on Campo di Fiori. Even much higher and more wonderful forms do their expectations probably take, because they are used to beholding miracles every day and to hearing supernatural things spoken of.

The complete garb of a nun lies in readiness, the grey skirt, the cope and mantle, the white band, the black veil, and the coronet of white linen strips, with the five red significant marks.

The prior of Alvastra, Petrus Olofsson, has looked up the revelation in which Christ delivered to Birgitta the cloister rules and he reads them aloud. He reads all the stipulations regarding the lives of monks and nuns, their daily schedule and occupations. Further he reads about how a nun shall be taken into the cloister, the beautiful admonitions that shall be made to her, her vows, the dressing of her in the nun's garb, the escorting of her to the cloister door and the reception of her in the circle of sisters.

Fru Birgitta follows the reading with a happy smile, but long before the prior has finished she sinks down in sleep, and of course it is clear to all that she is growing weaker every hour. She sleeps most of the time, she breathes heavily, almost with a rattle. But this in no way disturbs their joy. When the right moment is come Christ will restore her to life and health. Suddenly, just at daybreak, when the first light of morning breaks the darkness of night, the rattle ceases and the sick one sits up in bed. The whole room becomes still as death. They seem to perceive, not with ears or eyes, but with another organ of the senses, that something Divine is surging through the room. With trembling hearts, those present see how the aged woman's face is illumined with bliss, how her eyes are raised in adoration, how her lips move in prayer.

No sound penetrates to the ears of those present and yet they perceive what the heavenly messenger says: "Now have I seen, Birgitta, that thou hast overcome the world and gladly leavest it to enter My cloister. Therefore shall thy desire be accounted to thee as an accomplished act and I will give thee the reward of being permitted to enter at once into My joy."

With a look of indescribable gratitude the dying one sinks down on her bed and the others, who understand that the highest grace and blessing has been bestowed on her, burst forth into a song of praise. Exalted like her in holy ecstasy, they feel no pain at the impending parting. The priests in her house hasten to read a Mass and to administer the last sacrament.

But the friends of Birgitta in Rome have now come, as they have been instructed, on the morning of the fifth day, to witness her glorification. And since Fru Birgitta is widely known in Rome and much beloved, they are so numerous that the whole square outside her house is black with people. They hear the singing in the house and those standing nearest knock impatiently on the door to be let in and allowed to be present at the ceremony. The door is opened gently and some one whispers that the saintly woman has been called to God's heaven. Very rapidly the rumor runs through the crowd, and wherever it spreads they understand that this means the greatest happiness for the aged one, and they join the song of jubilee. And while the crowd is thus singing out its love and gratitude, Fru Birgitta falls asleep in the arms of her children.

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THE DEPARTURE

By FRANCES FROST

GEORGE CARLING awoke at dawn and shivered beneath the single sheet. The wind, blowing up the mountain from the Caribbean, was sweet with mimosa and wild-bush, castor-oil leaves and flowering cactus; but it was not the coolness of it, sweeping through the open shutters, that made George shudder. He turned over and lay flat on his back, thin arms crossed under his head. This was the day of his going. At six, the Baralt, the Dutch ship plying between the Virgin Islands and Curaçao, would drop anchor in the open roadstead at the foot of the mountain and blow a long blast on her whistle. She would sail south at ten, and he'd be on her, in the steerage with the Negroes, bound for St. Kitts where he would change to the Bermuda boat. This was his first departure from home, from Saba.

The light was growing. He kicked off the sheet and lay in his nightshirt, staring down with distaste at his lanky legs. He had always been afraid of the sea and he hated himself for it. The island men, white or black, were fine seamen: they had to be, since Saba had no harbor and no beach. Mail, cargo, and what few passengers there were, had to be brought off the Baralt in small open rowboats.

On a stormy morning, when he was sixteen, he, with two Dutch boys, had been pressed into service in one of the boats. He was given the stern paddle, and the boat was pushed by a crowd of shouting Negroes off the scant ten feet of stones between the jagged lava reefs, out into the great breakers. He was supposed to thrust the boat safely between the half-submerged rocks while Hans and Wilhelm each seized a long oar and pulled for deep water. In an agony of fright, he had crashed the bow into a red evil rock before the boys could get their oars into the thole-pins. They were all spilled overboard, the boat was shattered, and Hans and Wilhelm, who could swim like sharks, had to tow him through the rollers to shallow water. The Negroes rushed out and dragged him in. Gasping, sick and ashamed, he stood on the stones, watching Joshua, a brawny Negro, plunge fully dressed, even to his cap, into the boiling surf and battle out to save one of the oars. The Dutch boys, with a young Negro, took out another boat, while he turned to the long steep climb up the mountain, humiliation and terror burning in his soul.

He twisted nervously in the bed and swore softly, knowing he loved Saba because it was harsh and cruel and produced hard courageous men. It rose sheer from the sea in purple and red crags, in rough green slopes dense with wild-bush where goats cried continuously. The trees, scrubby and stubborn, clung to bare lava cliffs suspended above the gorge that led down to the Caribbean. The village, perched in the crater of the extinct volcano, was called "The Bottom," and he loved that, too, with its red-roofed wooden houses braced by half-stone against hurricanes. It had neatly walled, narrow streets; and there were overgrown gardens about the houses, where the dead were buried, as his mother was buried, after she had borne him, just below his window.

George was frightened of all women, except his sisters. For the past year, he had been in a cold sweat about his first cousin, Dora Simmons, and never, until last night, had he dared even to take her hand. Feeling excited and on edge, he had asked her to walk with him half-way down the mountain to the big tamarind tree that overhung the path to the sea. Seated there on the stones, with the Caribbean a misty blue barely visible down and beyond the gorge even by the light of the waning moon, with the low bright stars overhead, they had been silent for a long time, listening to the stir of goats and sheep among the brush of the mountainside, and to the incessant crying of grass-frogs that seemed to sweep in shrill clouds across the island. Suddenly he had reached out and taken her left hand which lay curved and limp in the lap of her ugly home-made gingham dress. Her fingers had closed tightly about his; and he had been too upset to do more than cling tightly to them, knowing already in the pit of his stomach, his fear of the sea, his terror of leaving the island, the bitterness of having to go steerage because he had no money beyond that Papa had given him for his bare passage to Bermuda. He sighed sharply, recalling Dora's rope-colored, stringy hair, her pale grey eyes and her weak but curiously appealing mouth.

Poor Papa, muttering about in his vegetable garden! Since Mamma died, Papa hadn't been quite right, but spent his days planting flowers about her grave or potatoes and tania in the vegetable patch. There was no way of earning money on Saba except by carrying cargo up the mountain from the ship or by supplanting the Negroes in the boats, and those things Papa was too proud to do and George was too frail. But once a year, Papa swallowed his pride and struggled up the mountain with the mail, in order to earn enough to buy a bolt of cheap calico for the girls and khaki pants and a couple of shirts for himself and George.

He heard Alice speak in a shrill whisper in the next room where the three girls slept together.

"Martha! Wake up! George is going this morning!"

There was a groan and the creaking of bed-springs.

"Georgie! Wake up!"

Georgiana's bare feet thudded on the floor and her high unhappy voice came to him.

"He *is* going today, isn't he? Alice! What'll we do with only Papa?"

The boy shivered again. If he ever came back, would Dora be waiting for him? He hadn't dared ask her last night. He wouldn't dare ask this morning, although she had offered to walk down to the shore with him.

There was a soft knock at his door. "George! Time to get up!"

"Righto, Alice."

He heard, faint with distance, the long blast of the Baralt's whistle. He dressed slowly, savoring the minutes.

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On his bureau was the lace runner that Martha had given him three years ago. Once he had come on Martha in the Dutchman's store, trying to sell some lace collars to a chance tourist who had come up the mountain from the ship. He had blushed for shame, hearing his sister say humbly, "M'am, would you buy this? 'Tis only two and six." The tourist had ignored her, and Martha had turned and caught his horrified stare. He'd raced up the hillside and hidden, weeping violently in the brush, while the goats cried plaintively about him and the wind blew up from the sea and ruffled his ragged hair. Damned English pride! He took a last hasty look around his room and went out to breakfast.

Papa was already at table, drinking his tea in loud gulps, without lifting his eyes from his plate. Alice came from the kitchen with a fresh loaf of bread. George gazed affectionately at her pallid angular face and her awkward body in its sack of a dress. She set the bread before him and returned to the kitchen without speaking. Martha and Georgiana sat staring at him.

"Go on and eat!" he said.

They smiled. They were both short, and plump in the hips. Martha was homely; her features were as poor as her freckled skin; but Georgiana was fairly pretty with her blue eyes and tawny hair. As he broke a piece of bread, George determined to be not only a mason but maybe to own a quarry if he could, and make enough money to get the girls out of this God-forsaken hole so they'd have a chance to get married. There were no unmarried white men left on Saba now, except Harrison Simmons, the half-wit, and Hank, the old Dutchman who kept the store.

Alice placed in front of him a feast of fried potatoes and fish, a boiled egg, goat's milk, tea, sea-grape jam. They had, usually, nothing for breakfast but tea and bread. His eyes questioned her as she sat down beside him.

"It's your last morning home," she said in a low tone.

He leaned toward her. "Where'd you get the egg?"

"Martha got it—Lucina gave it to her for some of her lace."

Martha's eyes were fixed pleadingly on his face, asking him not to be angry with her for bargaining with the Negro woman. He smiled wanly. The girls watched with pleasure every mouthful he took. Papa scraped back his chair and cleared his throat. George looked up.

"You work hard. Be a good boy."

"Yes, Papa." George knew that Papa was saying goodbye. He stood up, trembling suddenly, but Papa was shuffling toward the door.

"Love vine!" Papa said querulously. "All over everything—can't keep it weeded out! Damned yellow stuff gets hold of a garden and it's done for."

George sat down again.

With a little rush of flirtatious laughter, Georgiana said, "Now don't you go and fall in love with some girl!"

"No." He swallowed. "Dora's walking down with us."

"Oh." There was obvious distress in Alice's voice. "What for?"

"Well, I'd rather like her to."

He saw their disappointment; they had wanted him all to themselves on that last walk. He felt a little irritated at their possessiveness. They refused his offer to help them clear the table; and while they were busy, he sneaked out into the front garden and stood beside his mother's grave. The worn slab was almost lost in the riot of flowers that Papa had planted around it. As he looked up, there was Dora in the road, gazing at him with misty adoration.

George opened the gate for her, his heart in his throat. "Come into the house. The girls will be ready soon."

For a fraction of a second, the three sisters stood in the parlor door, looking with anguish on George and Dora. Politely then, they exchanged good-mornings; and Alice went to fetch his grip, and Martha and Georgiana, their high straw hats which they wore on the backs of their heads.

"George," Dora said.

"Yes?"

"Nothing," she answered hastily, as the girls returned. Alice had the grip and his umbrella.

Dora sprang forward. "Oh, let me carry something!"

Alice thrust the umbrella toward her. "Carry that."

George reached for the grip, but Alice shook her head. Martha and Georgiana each took one of his hands, Alice kept close to Martha, and they started out, down the pitched stones of the road, past the church. Dora walked behind, clutching the cloth umbrella, her tragic eyes fastened on George's back.

Martha loosened her hand and put her arm around him. "You won't be seasick, will you, George?"

"Of course not!" he said stoutly.

They turned down the mountain. At the top of the path, where a crowd of indolent Negro women called goodbye, he tightened his mouth and glanced back at the village. The red roofs were bright against the green and rocky slopes, brilliant under the sun that lifted over the eastern peaks of the crater. He avoided Dora's gaze and set his face forward. The Negro men, graceful and tall in their rags, were climbing up from the shore with boxes and crates balanced on their heads, or were driving before them the small pannier-laden donkeys. As they passed the tamarind tree, George turned slightly back toward Dora, but Martha was watching him. He flushed and murmured, "The cactus is blossoming," and cursed himself for his pain and his confusion.

They reached the last turn, and the Baralt lay below, grey hulk on the blazing sea. From the beach arose a storm of voices; black men rushed into the surf to drag in or push off the tossed and laden boats; their cries were rhythmic and melodious. George and the girls covered the last descent. A Negro came up to him.

"We is goin' now, Master Carlin'. Ship, she leave in half 'n hour."

"All right."

He turned to his sisters. They lifted expectant faces, and he kissed them. Alice handed him his grip. He

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turned then to Dora, who was waiting apart from the others. She pushed the umbrella toward him, her mouth working strangely. With the grip in one hand and the umbrella in the other, he gulped, "Goodbye, Dora."

"Goodbye, George." Her voice was a croak.

He stumbled across the stony shingle to the waiting boat. The Negroes grasped the gunwales and with straining muscles and a shout, pushed the boat out into the breakers. The cold salt water splashed him; George gasped and looked frantically around. His sisters stood weeping, their dull cheeks stained with an ugly flush, their noses red. Quite apart from them, drooped but gazing steadily at him, Dora stood on a low rock; her white face, rising above the black skins of the crowd, seemed to glow with a light that was not the sun.

The men at the long oars pulled steadily and the boat plunged outward into the rough seas. George fixed his eyes on his shoes to keep from crying. Suddenly one of the oarsmen said, "They're wavin' at you, Master."

He turned and saw the four of them on the cliff at the first turn of the upward path. He snatched off his hat and waved it frantically. All of them waved back. The spray struck him again. He ground his teeth and stared intently at the wet floor of the boat.

Communications

SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY

Dilley, Tex.

TO the Editor: Father Guthrie's communication on scholastic philosophy, published in THE COMMONWEAL of October 19, besides raising several interesting questions concerning the relation between theology and philosophy, expresses a conception of philosophy and of its subject-matter, that deserves further discussion and analysis.

"Philosophy," says Father Guthrie, "is essentially anthropocentric; theology, theocentric. Philosophy deals with man; man as he is; man and all his experiences—whether these experiences are of his own internal world, whether those experiences come from "above," or from the world about him. Revelation, then, should be handled from man's standpoint, by man looking out, and not as it is handled in theology from the standpoint of God looking down. Such a view of philosophy is somewhat fuller and, I dare say, more wholesome than that ordinarily presented."

It would appear, from the above, that Father Guthrie has felt the charm of what popular historians of philosophy call "the modern temper." Some fifty years ago it was the fashion to reduce all departments of philosophy and of science to branches of a single supreme descriptive science, namely, psychology. Following the inspiration of Locke and Hume, it was held that all knowledge is of the affections of the sense organs or of "ideas" in the human mind; hence the real subject-matter of natural philosophy was not, as most of us might imagine, things that exist by nature independently of human sense experience or of human thinking, but it was held to be collections of "sense data" and systems of "ideas" inseparable from the processes and peculiarities of human ways of feeling and of conceiving. Whether our sense data or our ideas were significant of things *in re* of determinate character, could not, on this view, be known at all; for the object of human understanding was not, as Aristotle and Saint Thomas stated, that which is (*ens*), but rather it was the processes and forms of discursive thinking or of sensation and imagination. For this school of thought, the subject-matter of philosophy was, as Father Guthrie says that it is, confined to man and his experiences.

Protagoras the sophist was also a forerunner of the point of view expressed by Father Guthrie, in his thesis that "Man is the measure of all things." Protagoras also held that we cannot experience things directly, but that our experience is of our experiences of things, i.e., we cannot understand things as they are, but only what things seem to be to us. From which point of view follows the doctrine that there is no distinction between science and opinion, and that a statement that is "true" from one point of view may be false from another, there being no objective criterion, and no universal principles, by which the truth or falsity of a statement can be measured, independently of human opinion, by the *per se* nature of the things the statement is about. Where the doctrine of Protagoras is accepted, and the possibility of distinguishing between science and opinion rejected, the only measure of truth that remains, is that of "fulness," "wholesomeness" or pragmatic "satisfactoriness." It is by such a standard, apparently, that Father Guthrie judges philosophies; and, indeed, it is the only standard that is left, once the possibility of understanding the nature of things which are, in abstraction from the contingent circumstances under which they come to be known, is denied.

Whether Father Guthrie would carry the point of view which seems to underly his notion of the nature and subject-matter of philosophy, to its logical extreme as illustrated in the relativism of Protagoras, is not clear from what he has said. Whether, for example, he allows that there is a philosophy, or a mathematics, that is universal because it is true, intelligible and demonstrable, as well as "So and so's philosophy," or "So and so's mathematics," is a point that is still obscure. But if there is a philosophy, or a mathematics, that is universal because it is true, intelligible and demonstrable, it would seem unreasonable for a person to care for any other philosophy or any other mathematics, since by the very fact that they are "other" and different from true philosophy and true mathematics, they must in some way be false. The only reasonable ground for distinguishing one statement of mathematics from another, or one system of philosophy from another, on any other criterion than that of their truth or falsity, would seem to be the assumption that there is, for human minds at least, no science of things as they are, but only a choice, guided in pragmatic fashion by the test of "fulness," "wholesomeness" or mere esthetic taste, between different sets of opinions whose character is not determined by what the opinions are

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about, but by extraneous factors and circumstances making up the background of the people holding these opinions. Such, indeed, was the conception of philosophy prevalent in the decadent period of Greek philosophy, neatly illustrated in Diogenes Laertius's gossipy history of philosophers; it prevailed again in the Renaissance, when philosophy was said to be the occupation of compiling and comparing the opinions of the philosophers; it prevailed in the Reformation, when reason and logic were ascribed to the devil, and the distinction between natural and supernatural lost by a denial of any intrinsic being or goodness to nature. It prevails now, in the anti-intellectual philosophies, whether of mystic, pragmatic or nominalistic tendencies, which dominate the secular thought of our age.

Though in a previous communication I criticized the neo-scholastics of this country for supporting Thomism as if it were a creed, instead of pursuing philosophic truth for its own sake and without apologetic motives, I am bound to say that this rather rigid and regimented Thomism, despite its insufficiencies, is far preferable to the anti-intellectualist point of view that seems to underlie Father Guthrie's criticism of Aristotelian "natural reason." At least, it cares for the distinction between science and opinion, between things as they are (nature) and things as they come to be apprehended by us (experience), and between metaphysics, which states the attributes of being *qua* being, and dialectic, which yields only a method for the comparison of opinions and for their generalization into a "fulness" in which all distinctions, including that between truth and falsity, are finally lost.

I do not in the least imagine that Father Guthrie would place himself among the out and out anti-intellectualists and pragmatists whose conception of philosophy he seems to have taken over. But that this conception of what philosophy is, entails such an anti-intellectualism, should be evident as soon as it is subjected to analysis.

Ernest A. Moody.

THE LETTER-BOX

THE WORLD COURT is not yet dead, as witness letters which still arrive. The Reverend J. B. Culemans, of Moline, Ill., quotes Senator Bulow's speech, which declared that something called "conscience," which had not deserted him for sixty years, forbade his voting for the World Court resolution. Then says Father Culemans: "His vote was not dictated by a barrage of populistic telegrams. Several press men in the Senate wrote their papers that his, Senator Bulow's, brief, clear, cogent speech really gave the final blow to the World Court." Those who wish to believe this are free to do so. But for our part we cannot. It may be added here that The Commonweal did not advocate the World Court as a *sine qua non;* it merely expressed the view that opposition to the kind of sentiment invoked in some quarters to defeat the World Court is an ethical *sine qua non.* Anne C. Killen, of Bellrose, N. Y., commenting on "Murder Will Shout," Mr. Williams's article in our February 15 issue, believes that the world must understand original sin, the nature of the Blessed Virgin and the drift of all souls to Christ if modern paganism is to be successfully combated. "Catholic women should unite their efforts. . . . Mrs. Philip Brennan has the nucleus of such a movement in her 'Lady's Day.' What a great service would be rendered by all participants to their country, their Church and their God!" Mr. John Sexton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., commenting on the spread of neo-paganism, feels that the "harmful influences" of materialism cannot be eradicated, but that believing Christians can live unaffected by them. But how? "Here," he writes, "is the crux of the problem. What one gets out of religion is in direct proportion to what one brings to religion; and due to the weakening influences of modern materialism, man is bringing less and less to religion. . . . This is where the Catholic preacher comes in. Let him make his sermons less general and vague. Let him take upon himself the task of presenting modern problems as they are, and then let him show his people how to react properly to them. Beautiful and sublime as the doctrines of the Mystical Body and the Divine Indwelling are, they will mean nothing to people unless they are internally disposed to receive them. The problem is fundamentally one of adjustment." Mary A. Grant, of Sparta, Ill., is struck by the lack of a coherent and impressive social philosophy among leading politicians. They say one thing today and another tomorrow, she believes. Miss Loretta Reilly, of Colonie, N. Y., protests with her usual sprightliness that her remarks on the non-religious male were directed not at the antagonists of woman in the sacristy but at "Mr. Conway of Ohio's" laud of the American male as "the holiest man in history." We apologize to Miss Reilly for not having known just what target she was shooting at. In our defense it might be urged that Miss Reilly is not a little like Wild Bill, in a literary sense, who could shoot five train robbers at five different points of the compass quite simultaneously. Katherine M. Godley, of Watertown, N. Y., opines that relatively too many complaints have been publicized concerning the lot of the business woman. She adds: "Very little we hear about the ladies who preferred the 'safe' and 'placid' life of domesticity to the hazardous struggle of the professional arena. It seems to be the consensus that once a woman has secured that most desirable of possessions—a husband—all her troubles and woes are ended. She will now have a happiness beside which that of heaven itself pales into insignificance. May I, in my feeble way, point out how opinion is at variance with facts? From a recent newspaper article I learned that a bureau has been established in New York City, which does nothing but hunt up (or down) fugitive husbands. Thirty thousand of them, according to the records of the bureau, have in the past twenty years walked out leaving their lawful spouses and offspring to shift for themselves as best they can. Undoubtedly every city, town, village and hamlet not only in the United States but abroad has its quota of wandering husbands. (And perhaps it is only fair to say that many of them have good and sufficient reasons for wandering.)" The appropriate melody suggests itself.

The Editors.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Most Reverend Pierre Gerlier, Bishop of Tarbes-et-Lourdes, has sent out 1,500 letters inviting all Catholic bishops and superior generals of religious orders in the world to attend the great triduum at Lourdes which will mark the close of the Jubilee of the Redemption. From 3 p. m. April 25 until 3 p. m. April 28, 140 Masses will be celebrated without interruption in the Grotto. * * * The new "Handbook of Catholic Missions," published, under the auspices of the Sacred College of the Propaganda at Rome, by the Missionary Union of the Clergy, discloses that in the last seventy-five years Catholics in Africa have increased from 50,000 to almost 7,000,000. The Catholic Truth Society of India estimates that the Catholic population in India, Burma and Ceylon grew from 60,000 to 3,682,133 between the years 1500 and 1931. * * * The passing of Bishop Nikolaus Bares of Berlin was widely mourned in Germany. The Holy Father said in a message of condolence that he was deeply moved by the sudden loss of this "truly faithful bishop who had fought a good battle in fortitude and love." * * * According to a bill just passed in the state of Indiana, parochial schools in cities, towns and townships in which 51 percent of the registered voters sign a petition in favor of such a plan, may obtain the use of free, state-adopted textbooks for their pupils. The State Senate of Texas has voted unanimously to hold an election the fourth Saturday in August to vote on the proposal to amend the State Constitution to furnish state-adopted textbooks free to sectarian schools. * * * The dedication of an imposing bronze statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus by the Most Reverend Manuel Irurita y Almandoz, Bishop of Barcelona, was attended by 14,000 persons who climbed the 1,647-foot mountain which dominates that great Spanish city to witness the ceremonies. * * * On the death of Bishop Peter M. Gendreau, Vicar Apostolic of Hanoi, Indo-China, the leader of the Buddhist bonzes of Tonkin joined the Christians in sprinkling holy water on the body and left with Bishop Chaize a card on which he had written, "I pray."

The Nation.—After the Senate had been given time for its traditional privilege of polemics and the President, according to Washington correspondents who had known him in Albany, had "played possum" just to give the country an idea of how confused the debating would grow if he relinquished leadership, the machinery began to click in the Senate and the $4,800,000,000 relief bill emerged substantially as he had proposed. * * * The Black thirty-hour work week bill reached the Senate floor and was reported to be a challenge by the A. F. of L. "to extend NRA or go even further to provide jobs for the unemployed." Senator Black said, "It is closely connected with NRA." * * * Citing the 34-percent gain in trade in the last two years revealed by a poll of the Business Advisory and Planning Council, whose fifty-two members represent practically every phase of industry and trade, Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, protested against New York's financiers infecting the rest of the nation with "the economic blues." * * * An investigation of the administration by Ohio state officials of federal relief funds was started with charges and counter-charges. * * * Manhattan Island south of 23rd Street, the richest tax area in the world, reported that receipts from income taxes from March 1 to 18 were $54,957,487 this year, compared to $43,955,373 last year—an increase of approximately $11,000,000, or 25 percent. * * * The New York legislative committee investigating the practises of utility holding companies revealed that the president of the Long Island Lighting Company and his associates paid themselves a profit of $34,000,000 in one year on an investment of $100,000,000 contributed by the public in the form of purchase of utility holding company securities, all but two issues of which are now paying no dividends.

The Wide World.—The Cuban revolution was suppressed by the army, which made thousands of arrests and placed most of the country under martial law. It was announced that the government would seize the property of the labor unions. Arturo Gonzales, chief strike leader, was sentenced to life imprisonment. * * * On March 18, Belgium partially abandoned the gold standard, owing primarily to the fact that lack of confidence in the monetary outlook had seriously depleted bank reserves of gold and foreign exchange. It was asserted that France would take adequate steps to help the Belgians to stave off devaluation. The news from Brussels affected other currencies, notably that of Luxembourg, and caused a flurry on the stock exchanges. * * * Renewed attacks on dissident Protestant pastors in various parts of Germany seemed to indicate that the government was determined to enforce submission to Reichsbischof Mueller in conformity with *völkische* principles. A large number of pastors, nearly a thousand, were placed under arrest. * * * The triumph of air transportation over the Pacific was foreshadowed by the completion of a mail service to the Orient by Pan-American Airways. If all goes well, China can be reached from San Francisco in four days, stops being made at the Hawaiian Islands, Midway Island, Wilkes Island, Guam and the Philippines, all of which belong to the United States. * * * Part of the aftermath of the abortive Greek rebellion was the assertion, more or less officially made by the Greek government, that Italy had been instrumental in fomenting the uprising. The propaganda experts of Signor Mussolini's government vigorously denied that there was so much as a shred of truth in these allegations. * * * Rumor—emanating from a more than usually trustworthy source—has it that Thérèse of Konnersreuth was placed under

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arrest for a number of days. That she has spoken in terms of disapproval concerning the Hitler régime is no secret.

* * * *

NRA.—Action on NRA is held up well behind the legislative log jam. The Senate Finance Committee has been conducting hearings relating to it, but up to this writing those hearings have been distinctly dilatory. Mr. Clarence Darrow and General Johnson were promised as dramatic witnesses for several days on which they did not show up. The important witnesses in the interim were Donald R. Richberg and S. Clay Williams. In what Mr. Richberg hoped would be his last general statement on NRA during the present controversy, he said that of the 731 present codes, he did not have enough data on 251 to judge them, that 13 service codes should be eliminated, and that 286 others, including all those for industries with fewer than 10,000 employees, should disappear, either by consolidation into "master codes" or into a general, limited "small industries" code. He recommended that the federal government stop all compulsory action in relation to service trades. He said the administration believed a law could be drawn satisfactory to industry, labor and the consumer, and that "the principal source of NRA criticism has been directed at NRA's efforts to put an end to destructive price-cutting which in the past has been monopoly's most powerful weapon in its efforts to control or crush little business." Mr. S. Clay Williams, retiring chairman of the N.I.R.B., appeared regularly and answered innumerable senatorial questions. Many dealt with the extent to which Congress should go in declaring business clothed with public interest and so under its jurisdiction, and how broad a definition of interstate commerce is wise in order to establish federal control. Mr. Williams appealed to a rule of reason in both these problems, and put forward no general principle. In answer to worries and suspicions expressed by senators he freely admitted that the code method is impossible if the anti-trust laws are enforced to their full. He also admitted that concerns will be forced out of existence by codes, i. e., when they are unable to get by paying the minimum wages. "You cannot look after the interests of the worker and at the same time preserve the operator who depends on wage savings in order to gain a profit." Meanwhile, advocates of the Wagner Disputes Bill want collective bargaining and employee organization clauses removed from dependence upon the general, code-providing, recovery laws, and embodied in a new mandatory act. NRA is in vaguer condition than it has been since its inauguration.

The Hitler Ultimatum.—On March 16 Chancellor Hitler announced that a "law for the creation of a defensive force" had been decreed, stipulating in particular: compulsory military service; a peace-time army of twelve corps and thirty-six divisions, or approximately 400,000 men; and such additions to the naval and aircraft armament as might be deemed necessary by the Ministry of Defense. All this was based on the assumption that Germany is entitled to equal status in the concert of nations, and that the former Allies themselves had undermined the Versailles Treaty by refusing to live up to it. Though various foreign chancelleries had been prepared for the German news by advance reports, all professed to receive it with "consternation." France inaugurated a series of conversations with other powers, and it was at first assumed that a common front would be formed. But instead the British government sent a note to Berlin which, after calling attention to recent discussions of a concerted action to guarantee the peace of Europe by fixing new armament quotas to replace those underwritten at Versailles, went on to say: "But the attainment of a comprehensive agreement, which by common consent would take the place of treaty provisions, cannot be facilitated by putting forward as a decision already arrived at, strengths for military effectives greatly exceeding any before suggested—strengths moreover which, if maintained unaltered, must make more difficult, if not impossible, agreement with the other powers vitally concerned." This diplomatic speech was interpreted as preparing the ground for Sir John Simon's trip to Berlin. Elsewhere the effect of the Hitler declaration was to intensify military preparedness. Austria planned to introduce conscription. In Switzerland, Rumania and elsewhere national defense became a major issue. The latest dispatches indicated that some common action would be agreed upon by France, Great Britain and Italy.

More about Mexico.—Full publicity has been given by the N.C.W.C. News Service to the courageous letter addressed by Bishop Pascual Diaz to President Cardenas of Mexico. The Bishop, after stoutly reiterating that he had demonstrably been guilty of no offense against the law, recounted the manner in which his arrest had taken place. He was stopped by government agents in the "middle of a highway," was detained in one of their automobiles for five hours, and was then transported to jail in a truck. The imprisonment in a small, unfurnished cell lasted during the night. No food was provided. In the United States an American bishop—the Most Reverend James A. Griffin, of Springfield, Illinois—declared that the tide of evidence proving that ruthless persecution was rampant in Mexico obliged American Catholics to seek four objectives: the awakening of the interest of the people as a whole in the Mexican situation; the marshalling of public opinion to oppose, here and elsewhere, persecution on the grounds of race, creed or social status; the study of, and if possible concurrence with, the movement to secure authorization for an official investigation into the drift of events in Mexico; and the resolute assurance by American Catholics that they do not favor physical intervention into the affairs of a neighboring country. Referring to the growing hostility of many Americans to the program of the Mexican government, *La Prensa* of Mexico City deplored the fact that "the idea is diffused in the United States that we are, to use a familiar phrase, the catspaw for Russia." Dispatches indicate that the National Revolutionary party membership itself is at loggerheads over the interpretation to be placed on "socialistic education."

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Mavericks.—In the well-disciplined House of Representatives, a group who do not accept Democratic or Republican rule have come together into a proto-bloc and enunciated a sixteen-point program for what they call "liberal and progressive legislation." Attacks by majority spokesmen, labeling them "a hopeless minority" and "false gods and camp followers," and by regular Republicans, led the "Mavericks" (so called because one of their leaders is Representative Maverick of Texas and the name appealed to congressmen and the press) to coalesce sufficiently to announce the variegated platform. Members of the block still retain the right of independent action regardless of their collective aims. Seven Progressives, three Farmer-Laborites, eight Republicans and sixteen Democrats conferred on the program, and thirty other Representatives were claimed as absent supporters. The first demand is for federal regulation of the credit system and congressional control of the issuance of money and the regulation of its value. The second condemns tax-exempt securities. Another advocates the refinancing of farm debts on a long-term basis at 1½ percent; a revolving fund to be created for that purpose by an expansion of the currency with proper control thereof. One point advocates guaranteeing to farmers the average cost of production plus a reasonable profit; another the limitation of the hours of labor in industry in order to employ the maximum number at a saving wage. Assurance for collective bargaining, and public works at a "decent standard of living" wage, is demanded. Federal aid to education is proposed. The tenth demand is for government ownership of all natural resources and monopolies vested with public interest; the thirteenth, for reduction of interest on home loans, and the fourteenth, for federal social security provisions. The final recommendation is that the House rules of cloture be revised.

Toward Maintaining Peace.—Mr. Charles Warren, Assistant Attorney General of the United States from 1914 to 1918 and recipient of the 1923 Pulitzer History Prize for his work, "The Supreme Court in United States History," has an article in the current *Yale Review,* titled, "Prepare for Neutrality." Such preparation, he finds, is as necessary for a peacefully inclined nation as armament preparations for war, unless everyone is forced to embrace the idea that every war must spread around the globe. Those many Americans who hope that we may contribute more to world peace by remaining out of any conflict which may be brewing in several areas where "interest groups" are at apparent loggerheads, should learn by American experience during the last war. They must realize, Mr. Warren writes, "that the avoidance of war through the maintenance of neutrality will mean for us not only extensions of duties but also modifications, concessions and even sacrifices of neutral rights, and more concretely—a thing which will be even more irksome to some—the possible sacrifice of neutral commercial profits." He adds, "Today there is no agreement between nations upon the law which shall govern submarine attack upon neutral or other ships in another war. Nor is there any present agreement as to the bombing of such ships by belligerent airplanes—a form of warfare quite probable in the future." He describes interestingly how Great Britain modified international law pretty much at its pleasure, as Lord Birkenhead said, "in pursuance of the highest duty to obey the law of self-preservation." Mr. Warren continues, "We must not again wait until war comes and until belligerent interference with our commerce actually occurs, and internal racial interests are aroused, and national pride inflamed. . . . Statesmen must be bankrupt indeed in common sense, sagacity, ability and vision, if such preparation for neutrality cannot be made."

Two Conventions.—Catholics in cap and gown will meet in several conventions during the spring months. One major event will be the National Catholic Alumni Federation gathering in Chicago, on April 25, 26 and 27. This occasion marks the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the federation. In addition to a considerable number of set addresses, by Thomas F. Woodlock, Louis J. A. Mercier, Frank J. Sheed and others, the delegates will participate in discussion of a number of practical topics. Among these are listed: "Developing Catholic Leadership in Catholic Colleges"; "Developing Catholic Leadership among Catholic Alumni"; and "The Technique of Developing a Catholic Front." The Palmer House will be the scene of these gatherings, information concerning which can be secured from A. J. Schweitzer, 134 South La Salle Street, Chicago. * * * Attendance at the recently held convention of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs, which was held in New York City, is said to have been unusually large. Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, Dr. Ross J. Hoffman and the Reverend Selden P. Delany were the principal speakers. Inspired to put forward still greater effort, various groups associated with the federation are planning numerous events for the near future.

St. Patrick's Day, 1780.—The compiling of a "Morristown Chronology" by National Park Service historians has brought to light an order of General George Washington with interesting data on the celebration of St. Patrick's Day 155 years ago. To restore the spirits of his men, who had encamped about Morristown, New Jersey, during the severe winter of 1779-1780, Washington issued the following order: "The General congratulates the Army on the very interesting proceedings of the Parliament of Ireland and of the inhabitants of that country which have been lately communicated, not only as they appear calculated to remove those heavy and tyrannical oppressions on their trade, but to restore to a brave and generous people their ancient rights and freedom, and by their operation to promote the cause of America; desirous of impressing upon the minds of the Army transactions so important in their nature, the General directs that all fatigue and Working Parties cease for To-Morrow, the seventeenth, a day held in particular regard by the people of that Nation. At the same time he orders this as a mark of pleasure he feels on the occasion, he persuades himself that the celebration of the day will not be attended with the least rioting or disorder. The officers

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to be at their quarters in camp and the troops of each state and line are to keep in their own encampments." Historical accounts say that the men "enjoyed themselves in innocent mirth and pastime but conducted themselves with the greatest sobriety and good order."

* * * *

Catholic Workers.—The practical Catholic workers of the *Catholic Worker* who, like the first Christians of pagan Rome, are unimpeachable in the directness and simplicity of their living of Catholic principles as well as their publishing of them, have moved to a new home, taking their House of Hospitality with them, and have begun publication of two-penny pamphlets. They now have a whole, if small and old, house at 144 Charles Street in New York and their indigent clients can bunk in the upper floors while the paper and pamphlets are published on the first floor and in the basement. A scrubbing-bee was held the day before moving in, and that cleanliness which our Puritan friends have valued even more than morality among the transcendental things was like a mystic's immediate approach to God achieved at least temporarily. The first pamphlet is a winnowing from the *Catholic Worker* since its first publication in May, 1933: chiefly "reprints of editorials in the paper which more or less outline our policy, and of selections from the work of Peter Maurin, whose idea it was to start a Catholic labor paper which would bring to the man in the street the message of the Catholic Church, not in academic language but in journalese style." On the cover is a device with a symbol for Christ and the peace of Christ at the center surrounded by the motto, "Union of all men through Love in the Mystical Body of Christ." Surrounding this white core of Christian unity is the outer darkness split by lightning flashes and, helter-skelter, the words, "Injustice, hate, disunion, race hatred, prejudice, nationalism, war, greed, selfishness, class war." Among other highly specific items in the pamphlet is a brief description of the farming commune on Staten Island which the *Catholic Worker* will conduct this summer both as a hedge university and a laboratory in Christian subsistence homesteading.

China in Four Days.—The length of a trip from California to Canton, China, will be reduced this summer from three weeks to four days. Pan-American Airways will establish a regular passenger service from San Diego and San Francisco in "Clipper Ships," or four-engined flying boats with a cruising speed of at least 150 miles per hour and every possible passenger comfort. These giant planes, which for months have been undergoing tests over the stormy Caribbean, will carry from twelve to twenty passengers. The first and longest hop westward is to Honolulu, Hawaii, 2,400 miles from San Francisco and 2,600 miles from San Diego. The next five stations are: Midway Island, 1,380 miles; Wilkes Island, 1,248; Guam, 1,450; Manila, 1,500; and Canton, 700—a journey of 8,500 miles in all. The planes will be equipped with 1,800-mile-range radio direction finders which tell the pilot that he is headed straight for his radio station objective as long as the needle indicator on the dashboard remains perpendicular. A technical committee headed by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has aided the aircraft manufacturers to construct a flying boat which has a range of over 3,000 miles when loaded. Now that permission has been secured from Secretary of the Navy Swanson, construction of the necessary landing stations will begin in April. The Pan-American Airways have chartered the North Haven, a 15,000-ton vessel, to carry the construction crew of seventy-four and airport staffs of forty-four. The bases are to be completed within ninety days, thanks to pre-fabricated buildings and the general thoroughness of preparations. As far as is known, Wilkes Island has never before been inhabited. The staff at each of these bases will be supplied with a great store of miscellaneous material including a wide variety of seeds, books and games. Japanese naval authorities contend that these airports in the neighborhood of her mandated islands could easily be transformed into naval bases in case of war, but the Foreign Office has taken no formal action.

Wages or Dividends?—Three weeks ago the NRA Research and Planning Division reported that in December, 1934, dividend and interest payments had advanced 50 percent over their 1926 figure although wages had dropped 40 percent and production over 30 percent below 1926. This statement was received calmly enough and generally accepted. It was cited in John T. Flynn's recovery articles for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Sleuths were not inactive in the meantime, however. The New York *Sun* of March 13 finally came out with a scathing editorial which argued that these conclusions were flatly contradicted by the official statistics of the Department of Internal Revenue. The *Sun* reported that the NRA committee had obtained these figures from a New York investors' service which in turn had gleaned them from the New York *Journal of Commerce*. This latter periodical hastened to excoriate "the crude and inexcusable way in which the Recovery Administration diverted statistics, prepared for one special purpose and subject to limitations that have been constantly emphasized, to an entirely different use." Armed with this editorial the New York *Herald Tribune* on March 16 leapt in to administer the *coup de grace* to this travesty of research. Instead of 150 percent, dividend and interest payments for the year 1934 were only 83 percent of their 1926 total, and this result of "a little simple interpolating for the years 1933 and 1934" (published Internal Revenue statistics go no farther than 1932) must be further reduced, in the *Herald Tribune's* opinion, for "after allowing for interest and dividend payments made out of surplus, the current return on capital in 1934 was probably well under the 60 percent of 1926 figures to which salaries and wages fell in that year." Yet compared with the year before 1934 income tax collections show a decrease in the number of persons with incomes of less than $25,000 and their total income, while individuals with incomes of over $25,000 and their total income increased. Reported incomes of over $1,000,000 (92 percent from dividends in 1932) rose from 20 to 46 during 1934.

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The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

The American Ballet

PERHAPS this organization might more truthfully be denominated the Russian-American ballet, inasmuch as its artistic director is George Balanchine and its informing spirit very much that of the various Russian ballets which have paid visits to these shores. It is, however, American in the nationality of many of the dancers and in the fact that they have all been trained in various dancing academies in New York. Moreover, George Antheil has written music for it, and one of the ballets, "Alma Mater," is distinctly American in mood. I unfortunately did not see this ballet, and the three which I did see, "Serenade," "Dreams" and "Reminiscence," despite the fact that George Antheil wrote the music for the second, were distinctly European in spirit and in the technique of the dancing. So by me at least the American Ballet will have to be judged, not as an American organization, but as the latest of those companies stemming from the Imperial Russian Ballet and Serge Diaghileff.

It is evident that Mr. Balanchine has gathered about him a very able group of young dancers, and has chosen, in Sandor Harmati, a capable orchestra conductor. One of the dancers indeed, Paul Haakon, appears to be more than merely able. Mr. Haakon is a young man who possesses fire, vitality and imagination. Moreover he has a masculine quality which is not always evident in male dancers. Especially fine was his dancing with a hoop in "Reminiscence." He is at present the one really outstanding figure in the organization. Of the women, Leyda Anchutina possesses charm and technical facility, Katherine Mullowny and Giselle have real character sense, and a number of the other dancers are already capable artists. Moreover the corps de ballet dances with spirit, and each ballet is animated, not only by artistic direction, but by enthusiasm in its execution. And, best of all, the dancers have youth and good looks.

There is no reason to doubt that all this will in a few seasons make the American Ballet an organization which will mean much in the world of the dance. (At the Adelphi Theatre.)

Ruggles of Red Gap

AS ALL know who have read Harry Leon Wilson's novel, Ruggles of Red Gap was an English butler who under the influences of the great open spaces of the West became a man. It is an old formula, and when carried out with humor and action is always successful, and Mr. Wilson's novel having abundance of humor and action was one of the most successful of the species. Of course these stories are rarely to be taken seriously, and yet the serious belief of so many millions of Americans, that we are the salt of the earth and that bad manners and scorn of tradition are a sign of our virility, is largely responsible for their success. "Ruggles of Red Gap" puts it on pretty heavily, especially in the screen version, even though the English lord is made a human being, but effete New England is handed it in the figure of Charles Belknap-Jackson, and the manners, customs and ideals of the West are enthusiastically lauded. And the audiences of this year 1935 laugh as heartily and approve of the sentiments expressed as did those who read the novel nearly a quarter of a century ago. And why not? If it is hokum, it is harmless and amusing hokum, and if even no such West or such Westerners ever really existed, they ought to have!

The cast which Paramount has assembled to bring the story into screen life is an admirable one. Ruggles himself is played by Charles Laughton, whom we have been used to seeing in sinister parts, but who as the English butler proves himself a true comedian, as much by his restraint and innate dignity as by the laughs he produces. Mr. Laughton plays Ruggles "straight," with the result that he makes one nearly believe in his reality, and at one moment, the one when he recites Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" in the Western bar, he lifts the play and the character to something which comes near to poetic drama. It is indeed a pity that Mr. Laughton seems to have forsaken the legitimate stage, for his is a talent which could do fine and imaginative things. Another admirable artist is Charles Ruggles, who shows in his playing of Egbert Floud that he can be other things than a wide-eyed innocent who gets into pickles. Here he is the loud-mouthed Westerner of legend, the Westerner with the heart of gold and the flowing mustache. And I never remember seeing a more effective or more amusing specimen of the tribe.

Mrs. Judson is impersonated by the inimitable Zasu Pitts, who foregoes some of her exaggerated mannerisms and is none the less funny in doing so. Mary Boland is Mrs. Effie Floud, and as vulgarly amusing as Mary Boland always is. It seems odd to think that once she was leading lady for John Drew and appeared in society comedy—which is only another proof that a true actress does not need to be typed. Roland Young is the Earl of Burnstead, and gives one of those neat and definitely etched delineations which have made him so popular both on the stage and the screen. And excellent character studies are furnished by Maude Eburne as Ma Pettingill and James Burke as Jeff Tuttle. The production by Arthur Hornblow, jr., is effective and colorful.

It would be too much to say that "Ruggles of Red Gap" is artistically one of the treats of the season, but it is one of the productions that will prove to be a source of the greatest amount of innocent merriment. It can offend no one morally, and it offers the emotional cathartic of laughter—and surely that is a combination needed today. (At the Paramount Theatre.)

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Books

Recent Essays

MRS. GEROULD has recently pleaded for a revival of the personal essay. Perhaps it would be desirable. But essays in any form are valuable, when good: and a few of what seem the better sort are grouped here. Perhaps as meet a place to begin as any is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "The Poet as Citizen and Other Papers" (Macmillan. $2.50). It has gradually become apparent that the critical tradition in English literature is by no means so devoid of virtue in comparison with the French as Matthew Arnold once supposed. In times when people felt that culture ought to and could have a set of "dogmas" all its own, the ontological approach to creative writing which is so characteristic of the English mentality seemed a mere dowdy refusal to obey the laws of progress. Today we are by no means so sure of all this. Of all the French critics, only three retain universal significance—Sainte-Beuve, Brunetière and Bourget. Great as these are, they were doubtless influenced more by English culture than English culture was influenced by them. And what is there in France to compare with the achievement in "creative criticism" of Ben Jonson and Coleridge, Wordsworth and Dryden, Robert Bridges and Lascelles Abercrombie? All of which is a prelude to the remark that, for urbanity of temper and breadth of scholarship, Sir Arthur ranks high among the best. He is, of course, definitely of the Saintsbury school, but possibly less omnivorous and more exacting. The present volume is notable particularly for its papers on what might be termed "general critical policy." Two sections entitled "The Poet as Citizen" and "First Aid in Criticizing" form a short treatise on the aims and methods of criticism which would do young students a lot more good than a whole batch of abstruse treatises on esthetic theory, written by persons whose chief business in life is to refute each other. The volume is padded with reprinted addresses on Shakespeare, Tennyson, Barnes and others. Some interest attaches to what the author terms the "crazy" but not untenable suggestion that the Fool in "Lear" was Cordelia in disguise.

Few men have made a more solid intellectual contribution to American university education than ex-President A. Lawrence Lowell. It is therefore gratifying to note that the recently published volume of his educational addresses and essays has been given a cordial welcome. "At War with Academic Traditions in America" subjects the elective principle to judicious criticism, proves that the strength of the graduate school must repose on the selection by the undergraduate process of suitable candidates for scholarly activity, and defines the meaning of academic criticism. Dr. Lowell is particularly interested, however, in the fact that the competition which ought to accompany academic effort is missing largely because American society lays no value on the student's success. The topic recurs again and again, leading one to surmise that for the author—as, incidentally, for the present reviewer—it is the most important single point to which educators

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NEXT WEEK

A.B.C. OF RELIEF by A Relief Administrator, tells the hard facts of trying to do a bitter and hard job ground between the upper millstone of criticism of those who look upon relief as pampering the unemployed and the lower millstone of those who feel that the relief is inadequate. Practically everyone has his or her pet ideas on the subject, whether or not he or she has any practical connection with the giving or receiving of relief. Here is information from headquarters in one of the largest communities in the country where suffering, discontent and dynamitic conditions are presumably typical. . . . ON PLANNING A LIFE, by Maurice S. Sheedy, tells of the experience of a vocational guider to young men about to emerge from college and tackle the business of winning a living in these parlous times. Excerpts are given from a variety of student papers on the young men's attitude toward their careers. The writer concludes from the evidence he gives and his years of experience, "Perhaps our colleges can best expedite advance in human progress by reckoning as successful, not only those alumni who have won a great share of worldly goods, but also those who have learned to live most happily. In that process of happy living, the Christian vision which links the humblest task to the works of mercy, is the real key to success." . . . THE GOSPEL OF THE ADVERTISER, by Edward Podolsky, who is an M. D., exposes to the pitiless light of truth claims made in advertising for various makes of toothpaste, antiseptic, cigarettes and soaps. This is another sign post along a road to improvement in national ethics and therefore of life which has been crowded of late with sign posts; but it does well to reiterate the facts once in a while or their significance will be allowed to fall into desuetude and the crowds wander off the road and begin, like Nabuchodonosor, to eat grass again. . . . A FRONTIER OF FAITH, by Michael Williams, tells graphically of a modern pioneer of faith and morals among strange aborigines of that part of the country described, for instance, in "Appointment in Samarra" and "The Doctor's Son" and by many people considered "typically American."

must direct their attention. These are solidly, lucidly written papers (Harvard University Press. $4.00).

In northern climes, gardening is an affair of months. You can't weed out the onions or cultivate the delphinium when Boreas et al. are in control. Therefore Richardson Wright has decided that flower-beds are after all things of the mind—that one can lawfully indulge in "The Winter Diversions of a Gardener" (J. B. Lippincott. $2.50). The book is an extraordinarily learned as well as genuinely diverting trip through various provinces where literature and gardening reign jointly. Perhaps the chapter on "summer-houses" is even a bit ribald, though mildly so. At any rate, Mr. Wright duly compensates for it with what is a veritable monograph on the "Parson with a Hoe," an essay which will abide as an indispensable addendum to the history of the clergy. Anybody who likes Dean Hole or Alexander Smith will rejoice to find, in Mr. Wright, their full-fledged American peer. As for the ladies, they are sure to find diversion in the chapter devoted to their flower-painting ancestors.

Of Francis Stuart, more anon. He has compressed a number of autobiographical essays into "Things to Live For," which might be described correctly as the mirror of an irrepressible and restless mind. For many a reader the principal source of charm will be the evocation of horse-racing not merely as a spectacle but also as a hobby —as that which can leave a man breathless and hatless. Mr. Stuart is still at the stage which Baudelaire had reached when he wrote that one ought always to be drunk. But he has really immense possibilities, concerning which we shall try to say something later (Macmillan. $2.50).

In the old days we used to imagine what things would be like "if I were king." Today it is "If I Were Dictator," as the title of Julian Huxley's book reads. It is intelligent in the sense that it divines the solid verity behind most recent attempts at Fascist and Communist régimes—the need for social engineering, and the impossibility of getting this engineering done under a downpour of popular clamor. Being English, Professor Huxley is a little appalled at certain appendages to dictatorship, but finds a convenient fire-screen behind which to give them a theoretical hiding-place. The argument for a "religion of science" to take the place of the "religion of God" is a trifle banal. We can use science just as well if the scientist will mind his own business; and despite the imperfections of the human race, it does not seem possible that many would get much fun out of a religion in favor of which as little can be said as Professor Huxley can say for his. His "theology" sounds awfully like a footnote appended to a catalog of the treasures in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Harper. $2.00).

I have greatly enjoyed reading Elliott Merrick's "From This Hill Look Down," which is worth more than a big pile of radio speeches as a commentary on what's the matter with our world. The author lost his city job, and thereupon retired to a little rented farm in Vermont. If the change was everything he says, it must have been as exhilarating—almost—as the rediscovery of youth. Mr. Merrick writes in an imaginative but frugal way, half as if he were a spectator of his own self. The hard

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routine of Vermont life and the equally hard crust that sometimes forms over Vermonters have no terror for one who sees peace and independence behind them. Of course such a book reposes fundamentally upon a state of mind to which not everyone can aspire; but its detail is shrewdly, delightfully realistic (Brattleboro, Vermont: Stephen Daye Press. $3.00).

The late Charles S. Brooks was an interesting, effective and sometimes prolific writer, whose devotion to gentleness probably kept him out of the major headlines. "A Western Wind," not quite finished, was the last thing he wrote (Harcourt, Brace. $2.00). It is a pleasant little book, temperate and modest, about the California coast, with the emphasis on Carmel and Santa Barbara. Brooks liked Carmel Beach, that still unspoiled mile of sand and water, particularly well. There is a refreshing absence of gossip, a capacity for enjoyment, a not too strongly emphasized scepticism. But one might well wish that some things emerged more definitely from the prevailing haze.

"Opinions; Literary and Otherwise," by Henry W. Taft, is a mild little book which is sometimes canny and incisive. Discussing the reigning flare for publicity, for example, Mr. Taft remarks: "Some members of my own profession consider that as citizens they have the inalienable right to express themselves on any question at any time, without any qualms as to their responsibility to the public." How true! But, as the author's appended remark has it, all this is really "a matter of taste." Doubtless his volume has for its chief purpose the inculcation of good taste in many sides of life. It seems to me that its best section is that devoted to observations on old age. Though life really doesn't begin at forty, it certainly doesn't stop there either (Macmillan. $2.00).

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Missions of Spanish Florida

The Romance of the Floridas, by Michael Kenny, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $3.75.

FATHER KENNY'S history is a romance of spiritual bravery. It tells "the heroic story of the Church's primal entry and successive administrations in the Floridas . . . commencing in 1512 with the first explorations and discoveries, and ending in 1574 at the close of the cooperative and coincident activities of Menéndez and the Jesuits in the first settled civil and religious establishments upon our soil." The text, overreaching this promise of the preface, extends the vigorous narrative to 1934. Paragraphs from a sermon of the author infuse the book's last pages with eloquence.

While the first part dramatically relates the finding of Florida by Ponce de León and upsets the tradition of his search for the fountain of youth, the romance of the other early explorers is less emphatically presented than the history of the Dominican missionaries and martyrs.

The second part is, in truth, "compelling reason for the volume." Here is the romance of failure. The little missionary band of Jesuits who labored devotedly in Spanish Florida, which included Georgia, the Carolinas and

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Virginia, is followed with affectionate and fraternal interest through the few years from 1567, the date of the first arrivals, to 1572 when "with the death of Saint Francis [Borgia] died the first Jesuit mission to the Floridas." Pedro Menéndez de Avilés dominates the civil scenes. The Jesuit martyrs, Fathers Pedro Martínez, Baptista de Segura and Luis de Quirós, are the heroes. To round out his story Father Kenny traces in full detail the careers of the survivors and adds a chapter on "Other Jesuits in Spanish Florida," before relating the second failure of the order to establish missions among the Florida Indians in 1743. The last chapter, "1574-1934: The Sequel and Conclusion," paints a fine miniature of the Franciscans, "the first order to succeed in old Florida."

That this "Romance" was written primarily for the average reader, may explain the inadequate references and footnotes. It seems unfortunate that the author, writing for the Catholic "Science and Culture Series," did not consider more circumspectly the attitude of serious Catholic students toward documentary evidence. But there is no clue to writer or book for many repetitions in the text of "op. cit." and page and volume reference are omitted to numerous important citations. To ascribe a book to one publisher in the bibliography, to another in the context, or to have varying dates of publication affixed to works of an author like Shea may be slips of proofreading. Quotations are frequently inaccurate. The assertion that "Brother Báez has . . . the distinction of being the first to reduce to written . . . form a native language of North America" is shattered by the author's mention of earlier works of several Dominicans. A second printing may alter the oddities of the bibliography and index.

Accuracy in detail would have made this book definitive. The narrative has color and dramatic power. There is new material of consequence and many of the conclusions are striking. To the telling of his "Romance" Father Kenny brings a dexterous style and a zealous enthusiasm.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

Reckless Courage

The Search for the Northwest Passage, by Nellis M. Crouse. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.00.

IT IS a brave story Nellis Crouse has to tell, this epic of the Arctic seas, and he tells it clearly and well.

To discover a waterway, north of the American continent, through which the argosies of Europe might sail to China, the fabulously rich Cathay, was a dream that long enthralled men's minds. The attempt to realize this dream involved a struggle with nature in her most inviolable fastnesses. An excellent map, based on British Admiralty charts, enables Mr. Crouse's readers to follow each move of those hardy adventurers who, for three centuries, played their part on a stage, the backdrop of which was an unbelievably fantastic realm of circumpolar ice.

John Cabot may be called the father of the long line of gallant men—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, adventurers all—who, unterrified by hunger and privation, indomitable even in defeat, flung themselves with reckless courage

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against the icy barriers of the North. Able navigators followed Cabot: Henry Hudson, Davis, Baffin and a host of others. Finally, in 1742, what may be called the first phase of the search for the Northwest Passage ended, when Arthur Dobbs, an Irish engineer, sent a fruitless expedition to the Wager River. By this time the northern route was universally recognized as too difficult for shipping. Henceforth, the Northwest Passage became a goal of scientific, not commercial, achievement.

Scoresby's discovery of the disappearance of the Greenland ice barrier in 1817 led to the dispatch of the Ross and Buchan expeditions in 1818, followed by that of Parry, one of the greatest of Arctic navigators, a year later. Parry's journeys by sea are interwoven with the land expeditions of Franklin, who, at first, sought the Northwest Passage by following the Arctic shores of the American continent.

In 1845, Franklin set sail with the Erebus and the Terror. A whaler reported him in Melville Bay in July, 1846. Thereafter there was silence. The grim, grey veil of the Arctic shrouded Franklin and his fate from sight until McClintock lifted it in 1858, and disclosed a tale of such heroism as the world has seldom known; disclosed, too, that Franklin, before McClure's discovery of a passage in 1853, had discovered a larger and more navigable means of access to the Pacific. It was Franklin's route that Amundsen followed in 1905, when, in a power-boat, he journeyed westward to Nome, Alaska.

Mr. Crouse has given us a volume of impartial excellence, good reading for a winter's night—or any night!

WILL HOLLOWAY.

Through Gotham

New York Walk Book, by Raymond H. Torrey, Frank Place, Robert L. Dickinson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

HAD NOT civilization encroached so uncomfortably on the land lying a few minutes out of New York City, had not that black strip of asphalt beguiled a hundred Sunday motorists where one week-end tramp leisurely strolled a decade ago, this new and revised edition of an invaluable work would not have been so greatly necesary.

Actually the "New York Walk Book" is a detailed volume of directions for the man or woman who still enjoys a good long walk. Besides adequately covering an area contained in a circle drawn with a hundred mile radius from Greater New York, the authors have also included a considerable number of maps, historical data and even a smattering of geological history.

A great many of the nation's physical ills are blamed upon the neglect of pedestrianism, and the enthusiastic walker would take up the cudgels against the highway engineers who have appropriated his past roads and paths. What remains to the walker has been painstakingly recorded in Messrs. Place and Torrey's labor of love, and has furthermore been sketched in a hundred, simple, stimulating pen sketches by R. L. Dickinson.

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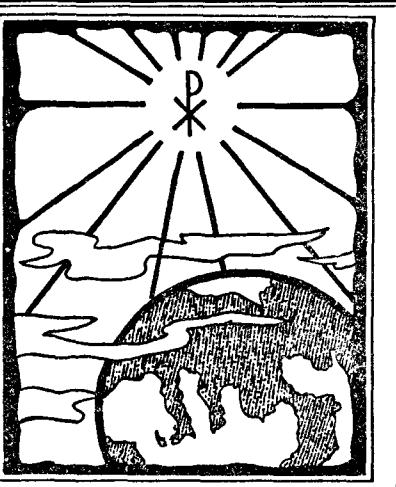

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Briefer Mention

Don John of Austria, by Margaret Yeo. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

DON JOHN of AUSTRIA, the undoubtedly maligned Don Juan of fiction and the historical hero of Lepanto and Christendom, but in both traditions a man of heart, is here portrayed in very reflective style. The book never really settles down, and that full period of twenty-five years after the middle of the sixteenth century seems only to be nibbled and chewed at from a variety of positions, none of which is particularly comfortable and none of which permits satisfactory mastication. One is kept acutely aware of the problems of biography, history and the re-creation of the past. The author wanted to write about Prince John certainly, but she should have taken a decision on the manner in which to write about him and the category of biography the book was to be, and stuck to it. The first chapters that tell about the Netherlands might have served as a guide, because in them the information, the background and the people come forth by the same mood, tense and vocabulary without the switching around and mixture of introspection and resolute indicatives that disturb most of the story. The story as such is certainly a magnificent one and Miss Yeo by no means misses it.

The Cross: Its History and Symbolism, by George Willard Benson. Buffalo: Published by the author. $3.50.

MR. BENSON, deeply interested in the "symbolism" of the Cross, has written a book which ought, perhaps, to be described as a longish essay rather than as a treatise. It is built round an extensive and interesting collection of crosses got together by the author; and the numerous illustrations which accompany the text are the basis of a good iconography. The author's attitude toward the legend and the doctrine which surround the Cross is described by himself as "reverent," and the present reviewer agrees. Unquestionably the book can be of real value to the amateur of liturgical arts.

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